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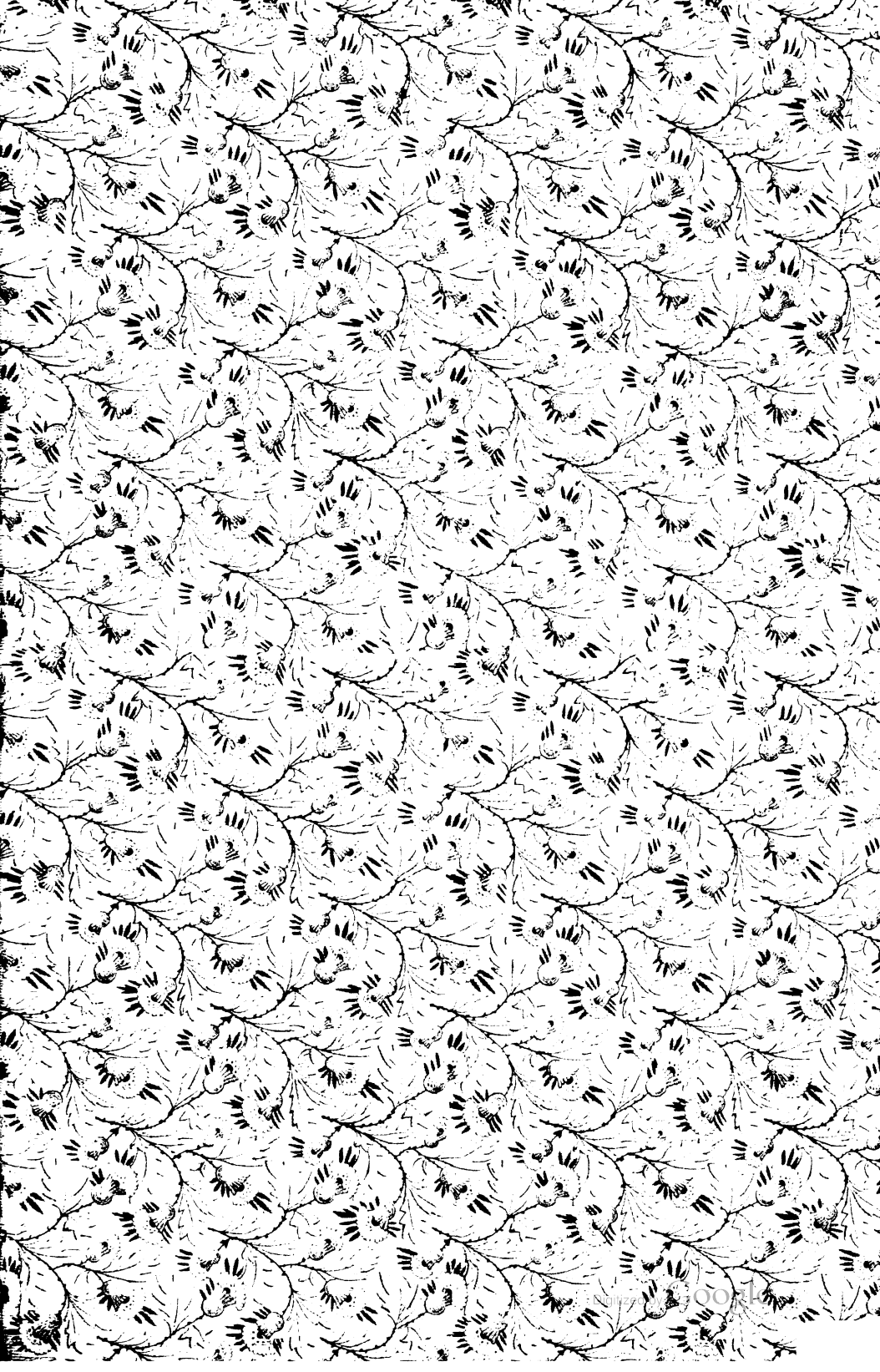

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MENIPPEA.

Close the book, reader, if to any fashion,
Or sect, or creed, or theory thou 'rt wedded;
Read on, if thou believest good may be
Perhaps even there where most thou disapprovest
— It may be even where most I disapprove —
Not to please thee I wrote, please thou thyself.

DRESDEN.

Printed by C. C. Meinhold & Sons.

1866.

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DEDICATION.

TO MOMUS.

Honest God, who lovest candor,
And wouldst not great Alexander
Flatter, for his crown and scepter,
Or the praise of his preceptor;
Thou, to whom no altar blazes,
Had I voice, I 'd sing thy praises;
Having none, I lay my psalter
Humbly down on thy cold altar;
Take, and read it at thy leisure —
It was writ for Momus' pleasure.

[Dresden, May 16, 1866.]

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UNDER A DEAD BUTTERFLY.

COLD, unbelieving sceptic, turn and see
Here typified, Man's immortality.
As through my various phases I have passed,
— Egg, larva, pupa, insect — and at last
Have died and to an end come, and no more
Shall floweret sip, or through the blúe sky soar,
So Man when through life's changes he has passed
And to his native dust returned at last,
Out of that dust shall rise to heaven on high,
To live with God himself and never die.
Doubt no more then, but carve upon thy tomb
A butterfly, the emblem of thy doom.

CARLSRUHE, March 25, 1856.

THANKS, Fortune! that thou sent'st into the world
So many accidents, cross-purposes,
Malapropos, surprises, slips of tongue;
Else never, never to this hour, had reached
Once to mine ear, Truth's weak and stammering voice.

CARLSRUHE, March 19, 1856.

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THE pious Christian says the Turk 's quite wrong;
The pious Turk says: wrong the Christian, quite;
Thou, larger-hearted, each by his own rule
Judge, and thou 'lt find both Turk and Christian right.

CARLSRUHE, May 15, 1856.

THIS infinite goodness which we see all róund us,
This infinite love and power and wisdom, whence?
Why, isn't it plain even to the veriest child,
From infinite goodness, love and power and wisdom?
Nothing without a cause is; so, of love,
Love is the cause; and power, the cause of power;
Goodness, of goodness; and of wisdom, wisdom:
Listen, ye atheists; blush, and be convinced.

CARLSRUHE, March 17, 1856.

"THANK thee, kind Providence," the cuckoo said,
Dropping her egg into the blackbird's nest;
"To thee, who so the blackbird's brood protectest,
My little one with confidence I trust."

CARLSRUHE, May 15, 1856.

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THE FOUR HAPPY BEASTS.

"Vier Thieren auch verheissen war
In's Paradies zu kommen."
GOETHE, West-Oestlicher Divan.

There are four beasts in paradise,
Among the saints and houris,
An ass, a dog, a wolf, a cat;
There are these four beasts only.

The ass, he is the very ass
Christ rode on, into Zion;
His bed is of palm branches made,
He 's held of all in honor.

The second beast in paradise
The wolf is, of Mohammed;
The wolf that killed the rich man's sheep,
But did not touch the póor man's.

The little dog that slept so long
And sound, with the Seven Sleepers,
The third beast is, in paradise;
He came there with his masters.

Abuherrira's pussy cat
The last of the four béasts is,
And lives on milk for lack of mice,
And purrs about the Lórd's feet.

I 've not been there, myself, to see
That really, there, the fóur are,
But Goethe has, and I 'm content
To take it Goethe's wórd on.

CARLSRUHE, March 8, 1856.

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THERE is a way to be by all beloved,
And live a happy life and free from trouble:
Give when thou hast, and give when thou hast nót,
And always give and give, and ask back nothing;
And never see a fault thy neighbour has,
Nor any virtue which thou hast thyself;
And not even in the fashion of thy shóe-tie
Differ one tittle from thy neighbour's judgment
— Out of conviction, mind! not compliment —
And never cease to instil into thy children
The love of virtue for its own, dear sake,
And to stray never from the path of honor
And independent principle and truth,
Not even to gain th' esteem of the whole, wide world.
So shalt thou happy live, and, when thou comest,
At last, to die, resign thy breath, contented,
Without a doubt thy children will have sense
To follow thy example, not thy precept.

CARLSRUHE, March 9, 1856.

I DON'T know which is worse, the Turk or Heathen;
And yet — stay, let me see — the Turk is worse:
The idol thou canst thrów down, smash to atoms;
But how out of the temple drivest Allah,
Th' invisible, th' intangible, the nothing?

CARLSRUHE, May 16, 1856.

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"WHO 'll buy my poems? who 'll buy?"
Through the lanes and markets I,
Through the lów ways and the high,
All the livelong morning, cry;
But no one comes to buy —
Téll me the reason why.

"Let 's see a poem — O fie!
You have gót the EVIL EYE;
Nóne of your poems I 'll buy —
Good bye, Sir Poet, good bye!"

"From your own self, you fly;
It 's yóu have the EVIL EYE;
I 'm but its painter, I.
Of the truth since you 're so shy,
Good bye, my friend, good bye!
I 'll not séll to you, not I;
Keep your money for a lie —
Who 'll buy my poems? who 'll buy?"

CARLSRUHE, May 2, 1856.

"Omne tulit punctum."

THE pious man alone makes way with God;
With Man, the pietist alone makes way;
So be thou pietist and pious both,
And, holding all the trumps, the whóle game 's thine.

CARLSRUHE, May 20, 1856.

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INSCRIPTION FOR A DOG'S COLLAR.

Despise me not: I am as true
And incorruptible, as you;
Have whiter teeth, can sharper smell,
Can run as quick, and fight as well,
And, if all 's true that people tell,
Haven't half your chance to go to Hell.

Carlsruhe, April 20, 1856.

Hush! not one word about it! here 's my child.
Children must nót hear what their parents think.

Carlsruhe, March 30, 1856.

If I said truth, forgive me, good, kind friend;
'Twas a mere inadvertence, not design.
I know the rules of life; am neither drunk,
Nor fool, nor child, nor unbeliever simple,
And if, at times, I blurt the awkward word,
Repentance follows with her scorpion whip,
And lashes, till he bleeds, the unhappy culprit.
Forgive me then, truth 's its own punishment.

Carlsruhe, March 19, 1856.

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PROVIDENCE.

Upon that Providence rely
Which feeds the spider with the fly.
"But what if I should be the fly?"
Upon that Providence rely
Which sends the housemaid with the broom
To sweep the spider out of the room.
"But what if I 'm the spider?" Why,
Upon that Providence rely
Which sends the housemaid out to flirt,
And leaves the chamber in its dirt.

Carlsruhe, May 7, 1856.

The king walked out,
And looked about;
    His heart was full of pride:
The king walked in,
And, by a pin
    Pricked in the finger, died.

Ye laureates, sing
The mighty king,
    The just, the brave, the wise;
But to the bier
Come not too near —
    It stinks, and gathers flies.

Carlsruhe, April 6, 1856.

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GO to! Go to! thou that believ'st thy soul
Unborn, all perfect, and to live for ever,
And feel'st it not each moment dying in thee,
Each moment newly born — even as thy flesh —
Till it 's as little like, at eighty years,
That which it was at eighteen years or months,
As the lank hair of eighty years is like
The curls of manhood or the baby's down.
Go to! Go to! I will not argue with thee,
Thou who feel'st not thy soul's growth and decay,
And still less argue with thee if thou feelest
Thy soul grow and decay, and knowest not,
To grow and to decay mean but — to die.

CARLSRUHE, May 1, 1856.

RELIGION learns addition well,
But is a perfect blockhead at subtraction;
Easier to add a hundred new,
Than take one old saint from the calendar.

Well for the new saint! well for the old!
And well for us, poor, pelting devils of sinners,
Who stand so much in need of friends
At court, to introduce and recommend us!

CARLSRUHE, May 16, 1856.

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NO statute against lying; why? because,
How without help of lying make a statute?

ALITER.

No statute against lying; why? because
Liars and lies, our lawmakers and laws.

CARLSRUHE, May 8, 1856.

WITH memory short and understanding weak,
And appetites fierce rampant as a beast's,
And hideous outside, crippled and deformed
— Hypocrisy and cruelty and pride,
Malignancy and violence and imposture
Oozing, redundant, out of every pore —
Behold the Lord's elected, the redeemed,
The newly born, the vessel of God's grace,
The etherial spirit that, in pure white robed,
Shall sit enthroned beside the son of God,
Judging the heretic, infidel, and heathen,
Or, harp in hand, with choirs seraphic mingle,
And raise th' accepted hymn, to the Most High.

CARLSRUHE, May 13, 1856.

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I ASK no better omen of my lore
Than that each reader, while he reads, should cry: —
"Well said! well said! that could not be said better;
But I, for áll that, don't agree with him;
He is a queer, odd fellow; has strange notions,
Of God, especially, and the soul, and heaven,
And things of that sort; things so plain and easy
That I have never found it necessary
To enlarge the views I had of them when a child,
A little, whimpering child of six years old.
I wonder at him, for I know he is
A good, well meaning man, and every time
I say my prayers I pray God to forgive him
And make him like the rest of us — amen!"

CARLSRUHE, May 23, 1856.

HAPPY and good, who well deceives his foes;
Happier and better, who his friends decéives well;
Happiest and best, who well deceives his children,
Hides from them all he feels and thinks and knows,
All the experience his long life has táught him,
And, when he dies, behind him leaves them floundering
In the same sea of lies, in which his own
Kind parents, when they died, left hím to flounder.

CARLSRUHE, March 30, 1856.

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IT 's a holy whim, a holy whim;
Unholy! be thou still:
It 's a holy whim, a holy whim,
Holy will have its will.

It 's Holy rules the earth and sea;
It 's Holy rules the sky;
Of Holy we are still the slaves,
Whether we live or die.

CARLSRUHE, May 16, 1856.

UNLAMENTED, well deserving,
By the vengeful hand of Verger
Fell the portly, proud archbishop: *
Unlamented, well deserving,
By the vengeful ax fell Verger.
Bravo! bravo! so the wóod 's cleared,
And the heaven's light, heat and ráin get
To the grass, and make it grów up.

3 CHEMNITZER STRASSE, DRESDEN, Febr. 8—9, 1857.

* Siborn, Archbishop of Paris, while officiating in the church of St. Stephen of the Mount, in Paris, January 2, 1857, was assassinated by a priest, of the name of Verger, who was immediately arrested, and, with as little delay as possible, tried, convicted and guillotined.

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MY country's language is the stone of which
I have built myself a temple vast and solid,
Where tribes and nations yet unborn shall seek
And find me ever-present and propitious,
Me, whom my countrymen not understanding,
Despise, even as the Jews their holiest prophet,
And, to false prophets only, lend an ear.

3 CHEMNITZER STRASSE, DRESDEN, Febr. 23, 1857.

O EVER-TRUNDLING Dresden, if so few
Drive in thy streets, it 's not for want of wheels.
What is it, then, that 's wanted, that so few
Drive in thy streets, O ever-trundling Dresden?
Why, horses, to be sure! to sit and drive,
Where women, men and dogs are always drawing.

3 CHEMNITZER STRASSE, DRESDEN., Jan. 27, 1857.

FIRM to the truth adhere so long as thou gáin'st by it,
And never tell a lie but for thy profit.
So shalt thou please God best, by men live honored,
Avoid the martyr's crown, yet win the saint's.

VIA SISTINA, ROME, Jan. 13, 1858.

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I TOOK my dog with me, one day, to church,
And, full of wonder that he did not worship,
Said to him when I came home: — "How is 't, Tray,
That you 're not thankful to the God of all?"
"What God of all?" said Tray; "the God who made
Me and my fellows for the use of you
And yours, not for our own use or enjoyment?
Lick *ye* his hand, wag *ye* your tails to him;
By your own showing *we* owe nothing tó him;
A devil had treated us as well or better."
So saying, Tray lay down upon his mat
Growling, and I said — What hadst thóu said, reader?

Via Sistina, Rome, Jan. 12, 1858.

THOU, pious Christian, when thou diest bring'st with thee
Into the heaven of heavens, thine earthly soul,
With all its human knowledge and affections.
I, when I die, cease wholly and need nothing;
Bring with me nothing, not even thy farewell;
But take thou mine, and sometimes even in heaven
Think of me; sometimes to the recollection
Of thy once déar friend spare some few short moments
Of thine eternity of perfect bliss.
Thou shakest thine head — well! well! I 'll not insist;
It was a foolish thought; forgive thy friend,
And, in thy pure and perfect joy, forget.

Via Sistina, Rome, Febr. 11, 1858.

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UNDER A PICTURE OF
MISS LOUISA GRACE'S DOG, ALÌ.

I NEVER go to church, I never pray,
Never confess my sins, but, all the day,
Follow my nose, do what me pleases best,
Eat, drink and sleep, and leave to God the rest,
Whom thou so busy keep'st with minding thee
— Blessed, lucky chance! — he never thinks of me.
Wouldst thou know who I am, Alì 's my name
(Or Doctor Henry — it is all the same),
Of cynic race, some say, and an ascetic;
A stoic, some say; some, a peripatetic;
But of whatever sect, whatever race,
The true friend, still, of Miss Louisa Grace.

PISTOJA, April 7, 1858.

— "Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousie:
It is a green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on."

I WOULD not be Alì — not for the whole
Wide world — with scarce a body and no soul,
And two blind eyes, and snivelling nose, and tongue
Out of a toothless mouth on one side hung
Like a red clout. Talk of his pedigree
And gentle blood! I would not be Alì
— Not even for heaven itself — and to the side
Of a proud mistress with a string be tied.
What is 't to mé, she has a lovely face?
What is 't to mé, she 's called Louisa Grace?
That she draws truer than Da Fiesole,
Than Petrarch purer writes, what is 't to me?

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That she steps Juno, smiles the Queen of Love,
Coos sweeter in the ear than Paphian dove?
I 'll nót trot at her side through mire and dust,
Not pút up with her "Come!" "Go!" "Sir, you must;"
Jump when she bids, and, when she bids, lie down
Át her foot-sóle, half smothered in her gown.
Alì may if he likes: a frée dog, I;
A frée dog I was born, and free will die.

Pistoja, April 8, 1858.

"Á FINE, hopeful boy, your Tommy;
Always takes and holds the first place,"
Tó an anxious father said once
Á grave, feruled, wíse schoolmáster;

"But your Neddy, sir, I féar me,
Nó good óf him will come ever;
Thére he stands, the lást boy always —
Át the bottom of the whóle class."

Nów I dare not say schoolmásters
Ever pút boys in wrong places,
Though I 've sometimes stood, I ówn it,
At the bottom of the whóle class,

Ánd you 'd wonder little Neddy
Ventured even so much as hint it,
Hád you seen those shaggy, blácк brows,
Ánd the birch that hung not fár off: —

"Only be so good as sometimes
Tó begin to count from mé, sir,
Ánd you 'll find, perhaps," said Neddy,
"Í 'm not always in the lást place.

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"But as long as you begín your
Count from favorite Master Alpha,
Not a boy in school but knówS that
Fór poor Omega there 's smáll chance."

True the story, and a mére fact,
Not a tale excogitated
Tó discredit schools and teachers,
Else, be sure, you had hád a príest in it.

PISTOJA, April 10, 1858.

I SAW him pick it up; it was a rag
Worth nothing, yet he picked it up and stówed it
Away into his pouch, as thou wouldst gold.
Misery was in his face, and in the act,
And in the shame with which he strove, in vain,
The act to hide. My very heart bled fór him,
And with mine eye I followed him until
Ín, at a door more wretched than himself,
Tottering and slow and sad, he disappeared.
Twice, in my dreams, since then I 've seen his frail,
Stooped, trembling figure; more than twice since then
Have, to my waking self, hoped he was dead
And out of suffering, and no longer, more
Than ever impious atheist by his reasoning,
Against God's goodness and God's providence,
By the mere fact of his being alive, blasphemed.

PISTOJA, April 8, 1858.

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ADAM'S EPITAPH.

KIND Providence it was, that gave me life;
Kind Providence it was, gave me a wife;
Kind Providence it was, took from me both.
To accuse a good, kind Providence, I 'm loath,
But, in my simple judgment, he should either
Have left both with me, or have given me neither.

Walking from LAVIS to DEUTSCHMETZ (SOUTH TIROL), April 28, 1858.

"THIS world's goods are dross and rubbish,"
Said I to Religion, óne day;
"Yet, methinks, thou 'rt never easy
Whén thou 'st nót got á good sháre o' them.

"To be sure," answered Religion;
"Just because they 're dross and rubbish,
I endeavour to make up, in
Quantity, the deficit in
Solid and intrinsic value."

"Right," said I, "and Í have twó birds
Killed with óne stone, for I sée now,
For the first time, why Religion
Ís so well contented, always,
With an infinitesimal portion
Óf God's graces, for her ówn share."

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, March 23, 1860.

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"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it."
Gay's Epitaph.

THIS life 's a jest, you wicked poet;
Living, you thought so; dead, you know it.
But what 's the next life, tell us. "Why,
The next life 's serious, being — a lie."

KLOBENSTEIN, on the RITTEN, near BOTZEN, May 3, 1858.

ARRANT cheats, as all the world knows,
Hope and Fear are, and were always;
Vagabonds of different sexes,
Once, by chance, they came together.

Round Fear's waist Hope threw his strong arms,
Kissed and pressed and coaxed and cuddled;
Fear grew big, and in due time was
Safe delivered of Religion.

Arrant cheats, as all the world knows,
Were, and still are, both the parents;
Where 's the wonder if the daughter 's
Twice as arrant cheat as either?

FLIRSCH, in the STANZER-THAL, TIROL, May 12, 1858.

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THOU praisest, blessest, glorifiest God:
Why not? the child says, to the rising sun,
Good morrow! to the setting sun, Good night!
And beats the naughty stool that fell and hurt him.

REUTI, in the RHEIN-THAL, CANTON ST. GALLEN, May 15, 1858.

MILES VETUS AND TIRO.

MILES VETUS.

HEAVEN is the land of bliss.

TIRO.

But where 's that land,
That happy land? Oh! tell me, if thou lov'st me.

MILES VETUS.

Beyond the sea, above the sun and stars,
Deep in the bowels of the solid earth,
Or wheresoever 's the securest place
And least accessible, there, there is heaven.

TIRO.

And when I 'm there at last, at long and last,
Shall I be happy? tell me, tell me truly.

MILES VETUS.

Why, to be sure! — The bird stands to be caught,
When once thou hast put the salt upon its tail.

MÖHRINGEN, on the DANUBE, May 25, 1858.

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If hé 's religious who believes in one
Sole, single, all-sustaining Providence,
Double, at least, must his religion be,
Who has the happiness to believe in two:
In number One, who fills Man's hungry belly,
And number Two, who makes Man's belly hungry.
But, with three-fóld religion, blessed, is he,
The pious man, who 'd, if he could, install
A third, and still more needful, Providence,
To balance th' other two, and to preserve
Birds, beasts, and fishes from Man's hungry belly,
And from each other's — filling up with grass,
Or doing away entirely with, all bellies.

Forbach, in the Murg-thal, Baden, May 30, 1858.

TOMMY AND NEDDY,

CONTEMPLATING A CORPSE.

TOMMY.

Dead as a dog!

NEDDY.

Ay, to be sure;
Dead, and that 's all about it.

TOMMY.

But the soul, Ned?

NEDDY.

Why, up to heaven
Gone, with the dog's; don't doubt it.

Malsch, near Carlsruhe, May 31, 1858.

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"Caput rerum Roma."

Being themselves of all the whole, wide world's
Cruel, unscrupulous, hard-hearted tribes,
The most hard-hearted and unscrupulous,
The Romans conquered all the whole, wide world.
What are they now, those haughty, conquering Romans,
Who gáve laws to the Briton and the Mede,
Who chopped the hánds off, of their Dacian captives,
And, to amuse themselves and wives and children,
Tortured to death the Christian in the Arena —
What are they now? cameo-cutters, painters,
Carvers of wood and marble, stucco-plasterers,
Long-petticoated priests and slip-shod friars
Mumbling prayers for bajocchi. And Rome's Caesar,
— Augustus, Pater Patriae, Imperator —
What is he now? a preacher, a confessor,
A soul-absolver, dispensation-granter —
A hobbling porter with a bunch of keys,
Opening for those who well the knocker grease,
Growling at beggars, threatening naughty boys
That if about the door they keep such noise —
Pshaw! leave him there: to thee or me, what matter?
Rome 's dead and gone — that 's all; but, if it be,
Another 's coming, or already come,
For Man is Mán still, and the world 's the world,
And as wide-mouthed, voracious pike, today,
Breed in the Seine as ever bred in Tiber.

In the Waldhorn, Carlsruhe, June 20, 1858.

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LADY GOUT.

Lady Gout once caught a rich man
By the foot, and pulled him tó her,
Saying: — "Come; lie down beside me;
While we may, let us be happy."

And the rich man was no Joseph,
And lay down beside her, willing —
Such things, many a time, have happened,
Many a time, such things will happen.

Lady Gout the rich man's hánd caught
Ín her hand, and warmly préssed it,
Twined about his neck her líthe arms,
Kissed and coaxed and hugged and cuddled;

Said, he was her only loved one,
Hér dear, only, one beloved one;
Kissed him twenty times a minute,
Fifty times a minute, kissed him.

Tó draw breath, the rich man struggled,
And unlock her arms clasped róund him
Tight as ever round Laocoon
Ánd his twó sons clung the serpents.

Lady Gout kissed only faster,
Only closer hugged and cuddled —
See the rich man, how he reddens,
In the face, and swells and blackens;

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Like a board upon a billow,
How his bosom up and dówn heaves —
Not for thousand times his treasures,
Wóuld I chánge lots with that rích man.

From between his lips the fóam spews,
And his eyes are glazed and staring,
And his bosom heaves no longer,
And his skin is cold and clammy.

It 's a stróng love doesn't from déath turn;
Lady Gout, all of a sudden,
To corruption leaves one sweetheart,
And her arms flings round another.

In the WALDHORN, CARLSRUHE, June 5, 1858.

JULIAN AND GALLUS,

IN THE CASTLE OF MACELLUM.

JULIAN.

LIKE, as an egg's, life's twó ends to each other:
Blind, helpless, speechless, at one end we enter,
Not knowing where we are, or whence we come;
Blind, helpless, speechless, exit at the other —
Who has come back to tell us why or whither?

GALLUS.

Lazarus, for one.

JULIAN.

And what did Lazarus say?

GALLUS.

Nothing; seemed not to know he had been away.

In the WALDHORN, CARLSRUHE, July 1, 1858.

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Γνωθι σεαυτον.

So thou hast been at Delphi, yet not learned
Thou 'rt not a baker, but a lump of dough
Leavened with óne part pleasure, thrée parts pain,
Kneaded, rolled out, and scored and pricked all over,
Baked, sliced, chewed, swallowed, cast into the draught,
Not doubting, all the while, but thou 'rt a baker.
Go back to Delphi, fool, and say I sént thee,
Not to consult the oracle but read
The inscription on the shrine; go back to Delphi.

In the WALDHORN, CARLSRUHE, June 22, 1858.

SHE was a gallant ship, that, many a day,
Buffeted with the winds and ocean waves,
But in the course of time, alas! grew crazy,
And sprang a leak, and, in a hurricane,
Foundered, and sank in thousand-fathom water,
And no two boards of her remained together.
No matter; weep not fór her; the day 's coming,
When from the bottom she 'll rise stately up,
— New rigged and painted — not to sail the sea
Or buffet with the stormy winds and waves,
But float serene, above, in the blue sky,
Beyond the clouds, in everlasting sunshine.
Deplore not the wrecked vessel, but rejoice,
And lóok out for her day of resurrection.

RINKLINGEN, BADEN, July 3, 1858.

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SUNDAY-SCHOOL PUPIL AND MONITOR.

PUPIL.

An angel, that!

MONITOR.

Ay, to be sure! an angel;
Hasn't it the duck's wings stuck between its shoulders?
A little boy with duck's wings on his back 's
An angel; a great big one 's an archangel;
A head without a body, and with wings
Under its chin, one on each side, 's a cherub.

PUPIL.

And when I die, am I to be an angel?
Or an archangel? or a cherub only?

MONITOR.

None of the three; you are to be a spirit.

PUPIL.

But I 'll have wings to fly about, like them?

MONITOR.

No; what would spirits do with wings, who have neither
Bodies nor heads, nothing at all to carry?

PUPIL.

How can they eat or drink, unless they 've heads?
Or come and go, unless they 've feet or wings?

MONITOR.

They neither eat nor drink, nor come nor go.

PUPIL.

And do they never talk at all?

MONITOR.

How could they,
Having no heads nor mouths nor tongue nor teeth?

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PUPIL.

Then what do they do? what use in them at all?
They can't even think or feel, not having heads.
I 'm sure I hope I 'll never be a spirit;
An angel or a cherub 's well enough,
Or an archangel, but, if I 'd my choice,
I 'd just as soon be nothing, as a spirit.

Weinsberg, Württemberg, July 7, 1858.

Christ's kingdom is of love, pure love alone;
No touch of hatred has an entrance there.
But, in his very nature, Man 's compounded
Of love and hatred variously proportioned:
A drachm of love, here, to an ounce of hatred;
Hatred a drachm, there, to a whole pound of love;
But no one without hatred, if 'twere only,
To hate the evil as we love the good.
Into Christ's kingdom, therefore, being of love,
— Pure love alone — no man shall find admittance,
No man has ever found. What follows thence?
Why, that Christ's kingdom is to Man a blank,
A void, a cypher, a non-entity,
A grain of salt upon a bird's tail thrown
To make the bird stand still until it 's caught.
Be not your own dupes then, ye amiable,
Simpleton pietists; on Christ's gate 's written,
Throw off the natural man ere here ye enter:
That is to say, minus the figure of speech,
For human nature, here, there 's no admittance.

Walking from Zell on the Moselle, to Alf, July 21, 1858.

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ONCE upon a time a yóung man
Had a tree he loved and cherished,
Such a tree as yóung men often
Have or máy have — óld men, never.

Deep and firm, not to be shaken,
In the ground this tree was rooted;
Strong and straight the stem, and taper;
Full of leaves and flowers, the branches.

Day by day the yóung man watched it,
Cared it, day by day, and watered;
Wondered why so slow the frúit came,
Though it had so early blossomed.

Year by year the yóung man watched it,
Cared and pruned, manured and watered;
Still no fruit, no fruit at all, came;
Only buds and leaves and blossoms.

Now the yóung man is an óld man;
And his tree is dead and withered: —
"Ít will béar fruit ín the blúe sky,"
Said the óld man, wíth his lást breath.

Tell me, reader, if thou knowest,
What the name is of that stránge tree;
In thy mind's botanic garden,
Hást thou á tree líke it, growing?

Walking from ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, to GLENAGEARY, April 21, 1859.

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MAGISTER.

THIS bread 's my body, and this wine 's my blood:
Eat and drink freely, they are given for yóu.

DISCIPULI.

Capital, both; but for our natural horror
Of cannibalism, we 'd wish thou wert a giant.

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, March 21, 1859.

GOD'S will be done! God's will is always good.
Let God take fróm me my whole worldly substance,
To the last penny; let God plague and véx me
With pains and blotches and all kinds of sores;
Of sight and hearing, life itself deprive me;
God's will be done! God's will is always good.
But let my neighbour in like fashion tréat me,
He is a rogue, a villain, my worst foe.
Read me the riddle, reader, if thou canst:
Why is the sáme thing good, at once, and bad —
Bad at Man's hands received, and good at God's?
Is it because in disrespect to Man,
We call his áct bad, which is good being God's?
Or ís 't because, in compliment to God,
We call his áct good, which is bad being Man's?
Read me the riddle right, ingenuous reader,
And thou shalt ever be my great Apollo.

Walking from BETTRICH to HONTHEIM (RHENISH PRUSSIA), July 21, 1858.

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THE LORD AND ADAM,

IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

THE LORD.

— For, dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

ADAM.

If dust I am, and shall to dust return,
All 's right. I shall return to what I am.

THE LORD.

Thou 'rt quite too literal; I love a trope.

ADAM.

That 's more than I do. I must fairly own
I don't like to have sand thrown in mine eyes.
Why make that harder still to understand,
Which, in itself, is hard? The plainest speech
Pleases me most.

THE LORD.

He 'll not make a bad Quaker.
[aside.
— And for thy sake the serpent too is cursed,
Shall on his belly go, and eat the dust.

ADAM.

That 's a trope too, no doubt.

THE LORD.

Why, half and half;
Trope, he shall eat the dust; but literal
And matter of fact, he shall go on his belly.

ADAM.

Excuse me — on his back; for on his belly
He goes at present and has always gone.

THE LORD.

Belly or back, 's small difference in a serpent;
From either he 'll know how to bruise thy heel.

ADAM.

But I 'll go in a carriage, ride on horseback,
Or, if I go on foot, wear leather boots.

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THE LORD.

Literal again! It would have saved some trouble,
To have put a few grains more of poetry
Into the dúll prose of thy composition.

ADAM.

It can't be helped now; but next time you 're making
A thing, like me, with an immortal soul
— For I 'm none of your dust, I 'm bold to tell you,
But an ethereal spirit in a case —
'Twere well you 'd make him with sufficient wit
To understand your flights of poetry,
Or, if not, that you 'd talk to him in prose.

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, April 17, 1859.

DERVIS AND BIBLE-READER.

UPON their asses, mounted, with their wallets,
Forgathered once, upon the road to Bagdad,
A travelling Dervis and a Bible-reader.
In broken French as they beguiled the way
Goodhumored and polite, the missionary
Observed the Dervis's right cheek and eye
Swollen as with toothache, and, compassionating,
Asked what was 't ailed him. "Toothache," said the Dervis;
"For thrée nights past, not óne wink have I slept,
And every bit I eat, puts me to torture."
"I praise thee that thou bearest with due patience
God's castigating hand," replied the Christian;
"Sin merits punishment, and man 's a sinner."
"And is that ass a sinner," said the Dervis,
"That with thy cudgel thou layest on him so,
Or wouldst thou only make him travel faster?
I, for my part, bear patiently the toothache,
Not as Heaven's retribution for my sins,

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But, as thine ass bears patiently the cudgel,
Because impatience would but make it worse.
I 'd cure it, too, by drawing, had I only
A dentist near me; which thou darest not do,
Being bound, as a good Christian, not to kick
Against thy sins' well merited chastisement —
Bound not to disappoint and render void,
By human wit, Heaven's well considered purpose.
Hé is a rebel against Heaven's high state
Who owns his guilt, yet lifts his parrying hand
Against Heaven's bastinado. Christian! Christian!
A petty, peddling Cadi is thy God,
By the few good scarce willingly obeyed,
Boldly at nought set by the many bad.
By good and bad, alike, obeyed is Allah,
The Moslem's God, and what he wills is fate.
Therefore I cure, if curable, my toothache;
Or bear with patience what must needs be borne."

Walking from Hontheim to Mehren (Rhenish Prussia), July 22, 1858.

PAINTER, wouldst thou paint a yóung man,
Paint him with his eye fixed steady
On the rising sun, before him;
Át his back, paint mists and darkness.

Ín Hope's colours dip thy pencil;
Put enough of bright, blue ský in;
Ín the grass let lambs be frisking;
Set on every spray a linnet.

Paint him smooth, erect and comely,
With his horse and hounds beside him;
On the right hand or the léft hand,
Not far off, must stroll a maiden.

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Painter, wouldst thou paint a pendant
For thy yóung man's finished portrait,
Sée that óld man, toward the gróund stooped,
On his pair of crutches leaning.

Clouds and darkness are before him,
Shutting out all forward prospect;
Át his back the sun is setting;
Winter's winds are howling róund him.

Let thy lights be dim and misty;
Dip in Memory's hues thy pencil;
Leaden-coloured be the landscape;
Deep and broad, spread out thy shadows.

Leafless trees put ín the báckground;
Rocks and stones, both sides the páth, strew;
In the fóreground put a churchyard
With the gate wide standing open.

On the sáme wall hang both pictures,
With the sáme name superscríbe both,
— Thine or mine or any body's —
And the words: RESURGET UTER?

Walking from HILLESHEIM to STADT KILL (RHENISH PRUSSIA), July 24, 1858.

HE that has lost his lást tooth may bid bold
Defiance to the toothache. He, blessed man!
Who draws his lást breath may defy all pain.
So happily constructed is the world.
Ingrates! that with so fáint praise ye extol
Your Maker's infinite beneficence.

Walking from HILLESHEIM to STADT KILL (RHENISH PRUSSIA), July 24, 1858.

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A DREAM.

I HAD a dream once, a strange dream,
As in my bed I lay asleep
At midnight, in the Villa Strozzi,
Upon the Viminal, in Rome.

A man came riding on an ass;
His head was bare, so were his feet;
Nor other clothing had he on
Than a shirt neither fine nor white,
And a gray linsey-woolsey coat
Made without lappet, seam or button,
And with a cord girt round his waist,
And, to his ancles, reaching down.
Fair were his features, and his eyes
Shone full of dignity and love;
His hair fell loose upon his shoulders.
Above him, in the air, two cherubs
Held up, with one hand each, a crown;
Alas! it was of thorns and bloody.
Before him, on the ground, poor people
Went strewing roses and palm branches;
Before him and behind, went others
Joyfully singing loud hosannas.
As I looked wondering on, methought
I heard a cry of: — "Cléar the way:
Cléar the way for the Master's servant:
Cléar the way for his Holiness:
Cléar, for his Mightiness, the way."
And the man mounted on the ass
Drew to the róad-side, and stood still;
And the poor people who were singing,

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And strewing roses and palm branches,
Drew up, on either side the road,
Scarcely in time to avoid the troopers
Who, from behind, at quick, rude trot,
With drawn swords glittering in their hands,
Came riding up, about a hundred;
The dust rose from their horses' feet;
And some among them cursed and swore,
Others talked ribaldry, and one,
Stopping, cried with a jeer: — "Thou fellow,
How much to boot besides this horse
Wilt thou take fór that beast of thine?"
Another, with his swórd's point pricking
The ass's side, cried: — "Come, my hearty,
Fall in, and ride along with us;
A merry life 's an óutrider's
Before the Holy Father's carriage."
"What 's that thou say'st?" scoffed loud another;
"The rogue ride in our company!
Ride thigh by thigh with gentlemen!
I know a trick worth two of that —
But there 's no time now — gallop on;
His Holiness drives fast, today:
Out of the way, ye vagabonds;
Clear, for his Holiness, the way."
He said, and gave his horse the spur,
And forward dashed; and all the troopers
Dashed forward, raising clouds of dust;
And up behind came, at the instant,
A carriage drawn by six black horses,
All foaming, snorting, caracoling,
All matches, all caparisoned
In gold and silver and stones precious;
Their very shoes with silver plated.
The carriage was a moving throne
— Of polished chocolate panels, part;
Part, plate-glass windows framed in gold —
And bore the papal arms emblazoned:
Keys, and a triple diadem.

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Within, on crimson velvet cushions,
In a complete suit of white satin,
White frock, white cape, and white *beretta,*
A portly personage sat lolling.
From a gold chain about his neck
Suspended hung, in gold and diamonds,
The world's Redeemer on the cross.
Outside his glove's forefinger glanced
The diamonds of his signet ring.
To judge from his effeminate,
Soft, flabby, hairless cheeks and chin,
And meek, adjusted mien, decorous,
It is a woman or a eunuch,
Sexagenarian; but look deeper,
And in that dark, voluptuous eye,
The male's most cherished vices see,
Pride, cunning, selfishness, ambition,
And — paramour of all the four,
Now separately, now together —
Incestuous, prostitute Religion.
But stay — he 's sick — or what has happened,
That in such haste he stops the carriage
And, through the open window, holds
So serious parley with the coachman?
As thus I said within myself,
And, curious, nearer drew, methought
One of three liveried footmen opened
The carriage door, and he within,
Descending, knelt upon the ground,
And, reverent, kissed the dusty foot
Of him that sat upon the ass,
And said: — "Hail, Master, Lord, and King!
Look gracious down upon thy servant,
And deign to máke use of his carriage.
It shameth him to see thee ride,
Thus ill at ease, upon an ass,
While hé lolls ín a cushioned carriage.
Nay, be not angry, dreaded Lord,
But get thee up into the carriage,

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And I, as it befits the servant,
Will mount the ass and ride behind."
"My father sent me, not to ride
In cushioned carriages," replied
The man upon the ass, severe,
"But patiently to do the work,
And bear the floutings, of a servant."
"Far be it from my Lord and King,
Far be it," said the man in satin,
And gently raised, and, with the help
Of the three liveried footmen, placed
The Unresisting in the carriage;
Then bade the coachman drive on slow,
And mounted on the ass, and followed.
Which when the people saw, some smiled,
And some said: — "It 's the work of Satan."
And others shook their heads and said: —
"Who ever saw so strange Palm Sunday?"
And not a few said in their hearts,
The Holy Father, sure, 's gone mad.
And every one took up a pálm branch,
And went, toward home, his separate way;
And I, with strained and aching eye,
Gazed after rider, ass, and carriage,
Till, at a turning of the road,
All disappeared, and I awoke
With chattering teeth, and hair on end;
Cold, clammy sweat from every pore
Oozing; my knees together knocking;
And my heart fluttering in my breast,
Like a bird in a fowler's trap.
I could unblenched have seen the sun
Start from his sphere, the moon and planets
Turn into blood, a comet's tail
Sweep the earth's surface like a besom;
But honor, more than in mere words,
To Christ shown by the sovereign Pontiff,
The Church's representative,
The deputy of christendom,

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Was such reversal of all law,
All custom and morality,
All piety and true religion,
All decency and godliness,
That I looked round about, to see —
Not Christ, triumphant in the clouds,
But Satan and a thousand demons;
And listened — not for the last trump,
But hissing snakes and amphisbaenas.
But nothing came; no Satan, demons;
No hissing snakes, no amphisbaenas;
And, by degrees my heart's throb ceasing,
And calm returning to my spirit,
I rose, dressed, breakfasted, walked out,
And paid a visit to a friend,
And, up and down, along the Corso
Paced, till I satisfied myself
The world was wagging as it wagged
The day before, and had wagged ever.
So, when I went to bed, that night,
I lay upon the other ear,
And put my bible underneath,
And of the world dreamt as it is,
And was, when Christ was crucified,
And will for ever be — Amen!

Edenville, Mount-Merrion Avenue, near Dublin, Octob. 20, 1858.

"Os homini sublime dedit, caelumque tueri
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus."

Reason shines in his front erect, they say,
And royalty, and empire o'er the beast.
Why, to be sure! who doubts it? but look close —
Malice prepense is strongest pictured there.

Walking from Edenville to Dublin, Oct. 29, 1858.

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TOMMY AND HIS MASTER.

MASTER.

Tell me, Tommy, what was it put you
In this mighty, towering passion,
With your cheeks as white as paper,
With your eyes, like lightning, flashing?

TOMMY.

Billy said I was a liar;
That 's what put me in a passion;
I 'd have torn his very eyes out,
Torn his heart out — if he has one.

MASTER.

Billy's calling you a liar,
Should not put you in a passion;
Passion is a bad thing, Tommy;
You should not give way to passion.

TOMMY.

Should or should not, I couldn't help it;
Billy's word it was that did it;
I 'm as sorry as you can be,
I was put into a passion.

MASTER.

Use your reason, and you will not
Fall into a passion, Tommy;
Reason 's cool and calm and placid,
Never falls into a passion.

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TOMMY.

To be sure, sir; but awáy flew
Reason, at the word, "you liar!"
And, in reason's place, came passion —
Í 'd have torn his very eýes out.

MASTER.

Thére the wróng was.

TOMMY.

Sir, I know it;
'Twas a wróng thing, ánd I 'm sorry;
But I could no more have helped it
Than I could have stopped my héart's beat.

MASTER.

Ít was wrong, and yóu must therefore
Be severely punished, Tommy;
Bread and water for a whóle week;
Ánd three pandies, night and morning.

TOMMY.

I deserve it, ánd I hópe 'twill
Make my passion slower, next time;
Make my reason not awáy fly
Quite so quick, when Í 'm called liar.

MASTER.

All right, Tommy; that 's a góod boy;
And I 'm glad you 're so repentant.
Go now ánd pray tó your Maker
To forgive you for your passion.

TOMMY.

No, sir; never. 'Twas my Maker
Gave me reason, both, and passion;
Made the one so strong and sudden,
Made so weak and slow, the other.

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To suppose my Maker angry
At my being what he máde me,
Is the same as to suppose he 's
Passionate himself, or silly.

Yóu mayn't like me as he máde me,
And may punish me to chánge me;
I submit; it 's my misfortune
— I myself don't think I 'm wéll made —

But my Maker cannot bláme me;
As he made me, so he hás me.
Why he made me so, I knów not;
That 's his business, none of mine, sir.

EDENVILLE, MOUNT-MERRION AVENUE, near DUBLIN, Sept. 16, 1858.

IRA DEUM.

FROM my youth up, I 've put small faith in judgments,
And have been wont to see in the quick lightnings,
And hear in the loud thunder, not the voice
And quivering missiles of an angry God,
But the reagency of ínert matter,
The workings of attraction and repulsion,
The play of elements, the game of chance;
Even at the tóp height of the storm, I 've scoffed,
Presented my bare head, and bid it strike:
But, seven church-steeples splintered in one night,
The very bélls fused, and the balls and crosses
Flung from their pinnacles to lie in dunghills! —
I own myself a convert; Heaven 's awake,
And to abate the first, most crying nuisance,
Sets himself, first; Astraea to the earth
Returns from her long exile. Truth, cheer up;
Down-beaten Honesty, lift high thy head.

EDENVILLE, Oct. 11, 1858.

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THE poet's proper aim, they say, 's to please —
To please, by áll means; if he can, to instruct;
And hé best poet is, who pleases most;
Second-best poet he, who most instructs.
So bé it: the first place give to Moore and Byron,
And bid me stánd down, lówly, in the second;
For mý aim, mý one, sóle aim 's to instruct,
And *sapere* my *fons* is, and *principium,*
And, for the waters of that fountain sometimes
Taste brackish, I mix with them honey drops
The Muse culls fór me out of cowslip bells
And wíld thyme, growing high upon Parnassus.
Drink freely, reader, of the fear-dispelling,
Fiend-exorcising draught, and be a man.

EDENVILLE, Sept. 6, 1858.

HEADACHE and heartache, toothache and the rheum
Divide his hours between them, leaving scarce
Vacance sufficient, to the demigod,
For eating, drinking, toilette, toil and sleep.
And then he dies — alas, poor demigod! —
And goes to heaven, unwilling; there to live
In perfect bliss, a disembodied spirit,
And, without hélp of heart, lungs, voice or breath,
Loud hallelujahs chant for evermore.

EDENVILLE, Sept. 2, 1858.

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LEARN something every day, and every night
Lie wiser down than you arose in the morning,
— A youthful, empty head 's ridiculous
Upon old shoulders — only in religion
And politics learn nothing; abiding, still,
Unflinching faithful to the first-learned creed,
— Your mother's, or your nurse's, or grandmother's —
And, of your father's party, to the death.
So shall no man, with scornful finger pointing,
Say "There he goes, the renegade; the turncoat";
And so, when death relieves thee from this flesh,
Thy spirit shall ascend to heaven, secure
Of a reserved seat among God's elect,
The faithful found, through good report and ill,
The immovable by argument of reason.

Walking from DALKEY to EDENVILLE, November, 1858.

WHERE thrée roads met, stood Hecate with three heads,
Looking, with every head, a different way.
On the confínes of Hades and the light,
Three-headed Cerberus barked three different ways:
Toward earth, and deepest hell, and highest heaven.
Baton in óne hand, héaven's keys in the other,
On Jove's gold threshold stood ambiguous Janus,
And, with two different heads, looked different ways.
Art thóu a monster too? hast thóu two heads,
Or thrée heads, that thou so lookest different ways:
Toward earth, at once, and heaven and deepest hell?

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Nay, I belie thee, friend; thou dost but squint;
Standest on earth one-headed, and toward heaven
Blink'st with the óne eye, tóward hell with the other.
Come, come; cease fooling; dare to be a man,
A habitant — as thou art — of this, one world;
And heaven to angels leave, and hell to devils,
And, with thy óne head and two eyes, look straight.

Walking from Edenville to Fassaroe in the Co. Wicklow, Sept. 11, 1858.

THEIST AND ATHEIST.

THEIST.

Every thing has a cause, my atheist friend,
And that which causes every thing is God.

ATHEIST.

If every thing a cause has, theist friend,
Either your God is nothing, or is caused.
If he is nothing, how is he your God?
And how is he your God, if he is caused?
In either case he 's not the cause of all,
And, not being cause of all, is not your God.

THEIST.

I own, it is above our human reason.

ATHEIST.

Nay, theist friend, no paltering; not above,
But contrary point-blank to, human reason:
Reason's conclusion 's positive: "not your God."

THEIST.

Then I give reason up, vain human reason,
And cling to faith, where only I find truth.

ATHEIST.

Renouncing reason, me too you renounce;
I parley only with the rational —
A keeper, here, and cell, for the insane!

Edenville, Oct. 1, 1858.

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EASIEST of all to understand, is that
In which there is no manner of sense at all;
The APOCALYPSE, for instance, or a sonnet
Of Wordsworth's on the purling Duddon stream,
Or Mrs. Browning's SERAPHIM august,
Or Pollok's COURSE OF TIME, magnificent.
These are the works for vulgar intellects suited;
Here I 'm at home, at ease; expatiate here;
These are the golden fields which yield like harvest
To my blunt, and to Newton's trenchant, sickle.
Gracious Apollo, never let me want
New Wordsworths, Brownings new, and new Saint Johns
And Polloks, and I 'll never, while I 've breath,
Cease to adore thy name, and chant thy praise.

Walking from EDENVILLE to DALKEY, Oct. 30, 1858.

TO A BABY SMILING IN ITS CRADLE.

ENOUGH for thee — sweet, smiling babe —
Thy coral bells and cradle's span;
Thou 'lt with a world be discontent,
When grown up to a man;

And thou 'lt forget the smiling babe,
Its coral bells and cradle's span,
And arrogate, beyond the clouds,
Another world for Man.

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, March 16, 1860.

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DORA AND HER MAID OF ALL WORK.

A true story.

Dora had a maid of áll work,
Who was cook, at once, and butler,
Housemaid, kitchen-maid, and laundress,
Milked the cows and made the butter.

Éight long years with Dora, Betty
Lived through every change of weather,
Storm and rain and hail and sunshine,
Smiles and frowns and praise and chiding.

None so well as Betty knéw her
Mistress's and master's kidney;
None so well as Betty máde her
Action handmaid to her knowledge.

Betty had been reared religious,
And didn't doubt that both her master
And her mistress would to héll go,
For she knew they hadn't the ríght faith.

But no word of this said Betty,
Lest she might not get so snúg place
And so good and kind a mistress,
Even among God's own elected.

Só when Dora staid at hóme on
Sundays, Betty staid at home, too,
Ánd would scour a pot or kettle,
Íf need were, and no one looking;

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Nay, would risk, a very ódd time,
An ungodly innuendo,
Íf she had a point to gain, and
Clear and cloudless shone the welkin.

Éight years so, they lived together,
Maid and mistress, well contented,
— Dora, with her clever servant,
Wíth her good, kind mistress, Betty —

When, in luckless hour, behold! the
String, gave way, of Betty's pocket,
And, before the mistress' ówn eyes,
Betty's plunder strowed the carpet: —

"Betty! Betty! what 's all thís?" said
Betty's mistress, pale and trembling,
"All my care and pains and teaching,
Thése long éight years, gone for nothing!"

"Ít 's no harm," said Betty, sturdy,
"Í did only what the rést do;
Every one takes tea and sugar,
Bread and meat and cold potatoes."

"I expected better óf you;
Ín my house I 'll not a thíef keep;
Go in peace," said Dora, sadly,
And upon the spot discharged her: —

"Yóu 'll put 'honest' in the paper?"
"No, indeed; that were a fóul lie;
Án encouragement to theft, a
Gross injustice to the honest."

"I 'm as honest as there néed be;
Honester you 'll nót find many;
Íf you 're wise you 'll either kéep me,
Ór write 'honest' in the paper."

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"Í 'm not wise, and won't do either,"
Dora said, and packed off Betty,
Though her héart bled to discharge her
Without 'honest' in her papen.

"Bút I have no choice," said Dora;
"Í should be the thief's accomplice,
Were I in my house to kéep her,
Or subscribe my name to 'honest'."

Betty 's gone to Dora's neighbour,
Shows her paper, tells her story;
Matty hires her on the instant;
All the country laughs at Dora.

Betty's néw place is a góod one,
Than her old one, has more pickings;
Betty 's lauded, Matty envied;
All the country laughs at Dora.

Matty has got a clever servant;
Á religious mistress, Betty:
Nót one word against the trúe faith,
Íf you 'd keep your néw place, Betty;

But to chapel go, or meeting,
Every Sunday round the whóle year,
Wíth white, folded handkerchief, and
Bible, in your hand, or prayerbook;

Ánd fear nothing, though all wéek through,
Every day, it 's Matty's wonder,
That the stripper 's run so néar dry,
That the oatmeal sack 's so empty.

Nothing fear; you 're quíte safe, Betty;
Matty will discharge you 'honest',
Ánd you 'll get a better place than
Dora's ever was, or Matty's;

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Or, if things come to the worst, and
Matty won't the lie direct sign,
Says she 'd rather bear the odium —
Whát need Betty care for 'honest'?

Matty's self took her without it,
Matty's bést friend wíll the sáme do;
Forward, Betty, with a stóut heart;
Put your trust in God, and thíeve on.

Ín the meantime Dora lóoks out
For another maid of áll work,
And, long searching, lights at last on
And to terms with 'honest' Róse comes.

Rose is lazy, awkward, stupid;
Scarce knows how to boil the kettle,
Or the clóth lay, or the cówS milk,
Not to talk of making butter.

Óne half Dora's work 's left úndone,
Dora's self the other hálf does,
Scrubs and brushes, leads a sláve's life;
Every night, lies, tired, in béd, down;

Every morning, rises early
Tó help Rose on with her dáy's work,
Frets and fumes and scolds, alternate,
Often thinks of clever Betty,

But says nothing, still works ón with
Stupid Rose, for Rose is honest —
Dó you knów why, gentle reader?
Rose's pocket-string 's a stróng one.

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, July 20, 1859.

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"Anbete du das Feuer hundert Jahr,
Dann fall' hinein und dich frisst's mit Haut und Haar."
GOETHE.

A HUNDRED years long, to the fire thou mayst pray;
At the end, it will burn thee as 't did the first day.
And pray to the water a hundred years long,
At the end, it will drown thee, so says the old song;
And the old song says right, and right says Goethe too,
Though I own I would rather have heard something new.

ROSAMOND, March 15, 1860.

MONK MARTIN.

A BOLDER rebel against God than Korah,
Monk Martin broke his vows and married Bora.
Satan would not his friend leave in the lurch,
And whispered in his ear: — "Reform the Church."
The Monk the hint took, and the Reformation
Blew from a spark into a conflagration:
Gray-headed men took lessons from raw youth,
Bold heresy was preached in name of truth,
The laity the cup got, and the priest,
From his celibatary vow released,
A ring slipped on his penitent's fair hand,
And soul and body placed at her command;
And bishops brought their wives with them to court;
And Satan in his sleeve laughed at the sport.

Returning from DALKEY to ROSAMOND, Jan. 29, 1860.

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FIDEI CONFESSIO.

I DON'T know where heaven is, or what is heaven,
Or why there should be any heaven at all;
Of hell I know as little; and of limbo,
If it be possible, I know still less.

Nothing is good to me but what I like,
Nor any thing but what I dón't like, bad.
My likings and dislikings are instinctive,
By habit, modified, and circumstance,
And changeable, with change of time and place,
Into their opposites, respectively.

There 's no such thing as absolute right and wrong:
What right is, by one rule, is wrong by another;
And vice versa. So the selfsame thing
Is, at the selfsame time, both right and wrong;
And every thing in the whole world, is right,
And wrong, in the whole world, is every thing.

My will is free, for will means but free will;
My acts are frée too, being my frée will's acts:
But my free will is caused, and not by me;
Caused, therefore, not by me are my free acts;
For which, however, because done by me,
Though not by mé caused, I 'm responsible
To every thing or person they affect,
To the fire, if into it I put my hand,

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To Man, as to the viper, if I go
Néar him or touch; and every thing to me
Is in like wise responsible that comes
Néar me or touches — viper, fire, or Man.
Every existence is responsible
To every other, is reacted-on
By that on which it acts; and what men call,
Par excellence, responsibility,
Is neither more nor less than the accustomed
Reaction of the whole upon the part,
Society's upon the individual.
That which society approves, is moral;
Immoral, what society disapproves.
According to its likings and dislikings,
Society approves or disapproves.
With change of time and place and circumstance,
Society's likings and dislikings change,
Even as the individual's — for, made up
Of individuals is society —
And moral is, today, and praised and honored,
What, yesterday, was punished as a crime;
And that, today, is punished as a crime,
Which, yesterday, was moral, praised and honored.
Ay! there 's an alchemy in time and place,
Potent to turn the malefactor's gibbet
Into the saint's palm and the martyr's crown;
Or as the case may be, the martyr's crown
And saint's palm, into ignominious gibbet.

I have a soul, they say, must have a soul,
For matter is not conscious, cannot think:
And so the question 's settled, I 've a soul.
And then the question comes: what is a soul?
And then the answer comes: an immaterial,
Spiritual, subtile thing, to matter joined,
To think for matter, which can't think for itself.
Agreed; and this same immaterial, subtile,
Spiritual thing whose evidence is thought,
What is it, in plain terms, but thought itself,

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The property or attribute of some,
As gravitation of all, forms of matter?

Of death I nothing know but that it 's death,
The end of life, the extinction of the spark —
Never again to glow among these embers.

I have no faculties that reach beyond
The confines of the universe; can conceive
Nothing outside of time, outside of space.
Cause and effect are but paired antecedent
And consequent, within the universe,
A sequence which implies both time and space.
Seek'st still beyond the universe a cause
To make and govern 't? Nay, thou seekest not,
Thou hast already found one. Let me see it:
Why, that 's a second universe to explain
The existence of the first. Well! I 'm content;
But thou, to be consistent, must invent
A third, to explain the existence of the second,
A fourth, to explain the third — and so, for ever.

Healthy, my creed; limps on no gouty toe;
Needs no supporting crutch of priest or prophet,
Angel or council, miracle or Book.
Take 't, if thou likest it; leave 't, if lik'st it not:
Truth busies not herself with making converts.

Walking from Rosamond to Tibradden (Co. Dublin), May 13, 1859.

"The conscious water saw its God and blushed."
Ay, pious Crashaw; blushed to have such a God.

Rosamond, August 1, 1859.

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"IF it 's right to dó it,
Gód will dó it
Withóut your praying;
If it 's wrong to dó it,
Gód won't dó it,
For áll your sáying;

"When the horse has need,
Sends him his feed,
Without his neighing;
Won't, for the ass,
Turn stones to grass,
For all his braying,"

In aunty's ear,
At morning prayer,
Lisped Tommy, once;
Then down-stairs ran
To thrée-hole-span —
The little dunce!

ROSAMOND, March 17, 1860.

Γνωθι σεαυτον.

KNOW thyself, said Apollo. Oúr God says
Know thyself not, touch not the tree of knowledge.
Oúr God is right; the ignorant alone
— Bear witness, playful, envied child — is happy.

ROSAMOND, Febr. 15, 1860.

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IT is a star. — And what 's to me a star,
A twinkling star, up there in the dark sky?
Nothing, not even so much as a grain of sand
Or mustard-seed, which I may touch or taste,
Or moss-rose bud which I am free to smell to;
And yet, methinks, it is a greater world,
Fuller of joys and sorrows than even this,
Fuller of hopes and fears and change and death,
But not more idle, false, and to no purpose.

ROSAMOND, July 22, 1859.

SIXTY-FIVE years ago, or it may be seventy,
The clock was made, wound up, and set a-ticking;
And, from that day to this, kept ticking on,
Summer and winter, day and night, incessant,
Not for its own good or to please itself,
But in obedience to the mechanist
Who, for his own ends, set it first a-going,
And placed it where it best might serve his purpose;
And now that it 's worn out and cracked and silent
And to its last end come, thou pitiest it,
Forsooth, and makest over it thy moan
— Goodnatured man! — because its task 's performed,
Its labour at an end, and not because
'Twill never more help thee to count thy time.

ROSAMOND, July 21, 1859.

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JOCKEY AND SPORTSMAN.

JOCKEY.

Two famous hunters, Sceptic and Believer,
Stand saddled in the stable, choose between them.
Believer 's headstrong, leaps before he looks,
And never was a ditch so broad and deep,
Or fence so high, that he 'd refuse to take it.
But Sceptic 's cautious, looks before he leaps,
And goes so safe and sure, a child might ride him.

SPORTSMAN.

Turn out Believer; he 's the nag for mé,
To ride the steeple-chase and win the cup.
Mount you on cautious Sceptic, and come after.

JOCKEY.

Very well, sir; and, if you chance to fall,
Sceptic and I will pick your Honor up:
Soh, Sceptic! stand! — Away now! — Tally-ho!

ROSAMOND, April 29, 1859.

STONE-BLIND, Assisi's saint; else, with so long
And steadfast contemplation, he had seen
Not into, only, but quite through, the Godhead —
Stay, I am wrong; the more your saints consider,
The less they understand, and *tout en règle*
Was holy Saint Franciscus of Assisi.

ROSAMOND, March 19, 1860.

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IMPOSSIBLE, impossible remains,
In spite of Gods', in spite of mortals', pains;
And POSSIBLE requires no God to dó it —
Your silliest child, ere you mistaught him, knéw it.

ROSAMOND, April 28, 1860.

THE dífference esséntial betwéen man and béast,
I once héard a fool sáy, is that mán needs a príest,
And to héaven or to héll, must go, either;
While the béast is so hónest, so símple, so trúe,
With a príest he has nóthing, while líving, to dó,
And, when déad, goes to héaven or hell, néither.

ROSAMOND, May 14, 1860.

GOD either did not choose, or was not able,
Making this world so fair, to make it stable
At the same time; so, when it got a kick,
Away it went, a-trundling, to Old Nick.
To get it back, God tugged with all his might,
But Satan, in his stróng clutch, held it tight;
A bit broke off, which God got for his pains;
With Satan, to this day, the rest remains.

ROSAMOND, Febr. 5, 1860.

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ONCE upon a time I práyed God
Thát he 'd kindly please to gíve me
Sana mens in corpore sano;
Ánd God gave me what I práyed for.

Foolish man! that did not práy for
Impudence, and ease of manner,
And a supple, ductile conscience,
And the one and only trúe faith.

Fór I 'd like to know what góod in
Sana mens in corpore sano,
With the whóle world laughing át you
Just because you are such an ódd fish?

ROSAMOND, July 6, 1859.

From the Uighur.

So gross and impious fanatics, these Rayas,
As to believe, the spiritual God
— The maker of the world and all things ín it —
Entered a woman's body and was born,
And eat and drank, digested, and wore clothes,
And at the trade, worked, of a carpenter,
And went about, poor, suffering, and despised,
And died and in the grave was laid a corpse,
Which there became live flesh and blood again,
And rose out of the earth, and eat and drank,
Talked, walked, and did, in all things, as before,
Till suddenly, one day, in sight of all,

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It soared into the air away, and vanished.
Stranger and more incredible than this,
And more impossible, they believe, these Rayas,
That this same God — who took with him his body
Up through the air to heaven, and bodily
Sits there upon his throne amidst the angels —
Is eaten daily by them and his blood
Drunk daily — horrible abomination,
Not even by cannibals to be perpetrated!

Walking from ROSAMOND to GLENAGEARY, May 3, 1859.

THE LAMB AND ITS SHEARER.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

SHEARER.

NAY, nay, my pretty lamb, you must not struggle so;
No harm will happen to you; God is good and kind, you know,
And will temper to the shorn lamb the sharp and biting wind;
So stand quiet till I clip you, and be patient and resigned.

LAMB.

It 's not enough to rob me, but you must humbug too!
Why doesn't your good and kind God temper the wind to you?
And if the wind 's not cold, but tempered soft and warm,
What need have you of *my* coat to shield you from the storm?
So let me go, dissembler false, more cruel and unkind
Than hail and rain and frost and snow, and sharp and biting wind.

ROSAMOND, July 6, 1859.

RELIGIONS change; the new drives out the old;
But foolish Man remains religious ever.

ROSAMOND, May 6, 1860.

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THOU need'st not punish us, revengeful Maker,
For disobeying thy behest, and eating
The tempting fruit thy goodness placed in our way;
Poison enough the fruit, to be, without
More pains-taking of thine, our deep damnation.
Thy second hell, thy still more deep damnation,
Bestow not upon us, but in reserve
Keep for some new creation of thy love,
Some still more favored offspring of almighty
Power, wisdom, forecast, and beneficence.

ROSAMOND, Febr. 16, 1860.

AWAY with Gods! away with Fate!
Away with Fortune! mine estate
Lies in my right hand; what I do,
Nor Gods, Fate, Fortune can undo.

ROSAMOND, April 28, 1860.

THERE is one folly which exceeds all others,
And that one folly is the resurrection;
Life, when all things which with life have relation,
All things which make life possible, have perished;
Life, after life is over — Fool! O fool!

ROSAMOND, May 11, 1860.

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IT is a lovely sight to see
All nature with one mind agree
To praise the God takes care of all
Created things, both great and small:
Both of the herring and the whale,
Both of the duck and of the snail,
Both of the fly and of the spider,
Both of the steed and of the rider,
Both of the buyer and the seller,
Both of the liar and truth-teller,
Both of the tree and of the ax,
Both of the tax-payer and tax,
Both of the flax and of the scutcher,
Both of the lamb and of the butcher,
Both of the eater and the eaten,
Both of the beater and the beaten,
Both of the loser and the winner,
Both of the sinned against, and sinner,
Both of the greyhound and the hare,
Both of the rabbit and the snare,
Both of the honey and the bear,
Both of the chicken and the kite,
Both of the black man and the white,
Both of the patient and the doctor,
Both of the heir and of the proctor,
Both of the colt and the colt-bréaker,
Both of the thief and the thief-táker,
Both of the fool and of the wíse man,
Both of the malt and the exciseman,
Both of the catch-poll and the debtor,
Both of the partridge and the setter,

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Both of the ass and of the cadger,
Both of the bull-dog and the badger,
Both of the good and of the evil,
Both of Saint Michael and the Devil;
Both of the ship snug on the stocks,
And of the ship dashed on the rocks
Or on a sandbank run aground
And every soul it carried, drowned;
Both of the train that at the station
Disgorges safe its population,
And of the train that off the line
Runs helter-skelter down th' incline,
Making a smash of heads, arms, legs,
As if they were so many eggs.
Ah! hard of heart and reprobate,
That not in Providence but Fate
The spinner of the totum see,
Repent in time, and praise, with me,
The God that takes such care of all
Created things, both great and small,
Assists not church alone and nation
In action and deliberation,
But stands by, while I nib my pen,
To help, if there be need — amen!

ROSAMOND, March 15, 1860.

NAPOLEON, ambidexter, with one hand
Props up the Pope, with the other pulls him down;
The Pope, in gratitude, props up Napoleon
With one hand, with the other pulls him down;
So down they both go, down, sing derry down,
Down, down, sing derry down. When rogues fall out,
Honest men have a chance to come by their own.

ROSAMOND, March, 1860.

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"Non equitem dorso, non frenum depulit ore."

PRAY Heaven forgive me! but I never hear
Church bells or see a priest, I do not think
Of the poor horse and spurred and booted rider.

ROSAMOND, March 17, 1860.

PRO DEO, LEGE, REGE. - Why? because
Weak, and in need of help, God, king, and laws.

ROSAMOND, March 19, 1860.

SOME say the world by accident was made;
The world was by design made, others say.
Fools! that know not that making and design
And accident are but parts of the world.

ROSAMOND, Octob. 5, 1859.

THE TENTH BEATITUDE.

ALL these are blest; but doubly blest
Are those who don't believe:
Who nothing from the Lord expect,
How can he them deceive?

ROSAMOND, March 15, 1860.

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WHY did God give Man reason, make him wise,
But that he shóuld trust neither ears nor eyes?
Why did God give Man faith, but lest he should
Become, by reason, tóo wise and too good?

ROSAMOND, March 16, 1860.

IT is an apple — Ay me! so it is;
So harmless looking, yet so full of harm!
Stay; not so headlong fast; let me consider:
The harm was in the tasting, not the apple.
Yet made the apple, only to be tasted;
So in the apple's maker, was the harm.
But for the tasting, there had been no harm;
But for the apple, there had been no tasting;
But for the maker, there had been no apple;
So from the maker solely came the harm.
The maker made the taster, both, and apple;
So from the maker doubly came the tasting,
And doubly from the maker came the harm.

ROSAMOND, July 24, 1859.

JOVE reigns supreme in heaven, and Dis in hell,
But the earth's sovereign 's the "almighty dollar."

ROSAMOND, June 25, 1859.

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SCEPTIC AND BELIEVER.

BELIEVER.

It 's true, good Sceptic; therefore I believe it.

SCEPTIC.

But why is 't true? First answer me that question.

BELIEVER.

What I believe so firmly, must be true.
Kill me you may, but never while I live,
Never, shall you persuade me it is false.
Stronger than human reason is my faith;
God has declared it true, God can't deceive.

SCEPTIC.

Other men by their Gods have been deceived.

BELIEVER.

Theirs were false Gods; my God 's the God of truth.

SCEPTIC.

Please be so good, sir, not to beg the question,
But show why true your God, and none but yours.

BELIEVER.

Blasphemer, silence! tempt not the Lord God;
Nor with your Baals and Ashtaroths compare
The living, everlasting Elohim.

SCEPTIC.

'Do manus victas', and in Reason's name,
And in the name of Common Sense, beg pardon.

Rosamond, April 29, 1859.

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OLD-WORLD STORIES.

I.

THE CREATION.

On the day before the first day,
God was tired with doing nothing,
And determined to rise early
On the next day and do something.

So, upon the next day, God rose
Very early, and the light made —
You must know that until that day
God had always lived in darkness: —

"Bravo! bravo! that 's a good job,"
Said God, when his eye the light caught;
"Now, I think, I 'll try and make me
A convenient place to live in."

So, upon the next day, God rose
At the dawn of light, and heaven made,
And, from that day forward, never
Wanted a snug box to live in: —

"Well! a little work is pleasant,"
Said God, "and besides it 's useful;
What a pity I 've so long sat
Dumping, mumping, doing nothing!"

So, upon the third day, God made
This round ball of land and water,
And, with right thumb and forefinger,
Set it, like teetotum, spinning;

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Spinning, twirling like teetotum,
Round and round about, the báll went,
Whíle God clapped his hands, delighted,
Ánd called th' angels tó look át it.

Whó made th' angels? if you ásk me,
Í reply: — that 's more than Í know;
For if Gód had, Í don't dóubt but
Hé 'd have put them in his catalogue;

But no matter — sóme one máde them,
Ánd they came about him flocking,
Wondering at the sudden fít of
Manufacturing thát had táken him: —

"Ít 's a pretty ball," they áll said;
"Do, pray, tell us what 's the úse of it;
Won't you make a gréat many óf them?
Wé would like to see them trundling."

"Wait until tomorrow," sáid God,
"Ánd I think I 'll show you something;
Thís is quite enough for óne day,
Ánd you know I 'm but beginning."

So, abóut noon, ón the fóurth day,
Gód called th' ángels all abóut him,
Ánd showed thém the great big báll hé 'd
Made to gíve light tó the líttle one.

"What!" said th' angels, "such a bíg ball,
Just to gíve light tó a líttle one!
Thát 's bad management, and you knów, too,
Yóu had plenty of light without it."

"Nót quite plenty," sáid God, snappish,
"For the light I made the first day,
Álthough good, was rather scanty,
Scarce enough for me to wórk by.

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"And besides how was it possible,
If I had not made the big ball,
To have given the little one seasons,
Days and years and nights and mornings?

"So, you see, there was nothing for it
But to fix the little ball steady,
And, about it, set the big one
Topsy-turvying as you here see."

"It 's the big ball we see steady,
And the little one round it whirling,"
Said the angels, by the great light
Dazzled, and their eyebrows shading: —

"None of your impertinence," said God,
Growing more vexed every moment;
"I know that, as well as you do,
But I don't choose you should say it.

"I have set the big ball steady,
And the little one spinning round it,
But I 've told you just the opposite,
And the opposite you must swear to."

"Anything you say, we 'll swear to,"
Said the angels, humbly bowing;
"Have you anything more to show us?
We 're so fond of exhibitions."

"Yes," said God, "what was deficient
In the lighting of the little ball,
With this pretty moon I 've made up,
And these little, twinkling stars here."

"Wasn't the big ball big enough?" said
With simplicity the angels: —
"Couldn't, without a miracle," said God,
"Shine at once on back and front side."

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"Thére you 're quíte right," said the angels,
"Ánd we think you show your wisdom,
Ín not squandering miracles ón those
Who believe your word without them.

"Bút do tell us why you 've só far
Fróm your líttle ball put your líttle stars;
Óne would think they didn't belóng to it;
Scárce one ín a thousand shínes on it."

"To be sure I could have pláced them
Só much nearer," sáid God smiling,
"Thát the líttle ball would have béen as
Wéll lit with some millions fewer;

"Bút I 'd like to know of whát use
Tó th' Omnipotent such ecónomy —
Cán't I make a million míllion stars
Quite as easily as óne star?"

"Right, again," said th' ángels; "thére can
Bé no manner of doubt about it."
"Thát 's all now," said God; "tomorrow,
Come again, and yé shall móre see."

When the angels came the néxt day,
God indeed had not been idle,
Ánd they saw the líttle ball swarming
Wíth all kinds of living creatures.

Thére they went in pairs, the creatures,
Óf all sizes, shapes and colors,
Stalking, hopping, leaping, climbing,
Crawling, burrowing, swimming, flying,

Squealing, singing, roaring, grunting,
Barking, braying, mewing, howling,
Chuckling, gabbling, crowing, quacking,
Cawing, croaking, buzzing, hissing.

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Such assembly there has never,
Fróm that dáy down, been on eárth seen;
Fróm that dáy down, such a concert
Thére has never been on eárth heard;

Fór, there, ramping and their maker
Praising in their various fashions,
Wére all Gód's created species,
Áll except the fossilízed ones;

Fór whose absence on that greát day,
Thé most líkely cause assígned yet,
Ís that théy were quite forgotten
Ánd would nót go uninvited.

Bút let thát be ás it máy be,
Áll th' unfossilized ones wére there,
Striving which of them would noisiest
Praise bestow upon their maker.

"Well," said th' angels, when they 'd lóoked on
Silently, some time, and listened;
"Well, you surely have a stránge taste;
What did you make all thése queer thíngs for?"

"Come tomorrow and I 'll shów you,"
Sáid God, gleeful, his hands rubbing;
"All you 've yét seen 's a mere nóthing
Tó what yóu shall see tomorrow."

So, when th' angels came the néxt day
Áll tiptoe with expectation,
Ánd stretched necks and eyes and ears out
Tówards the néw world, Gód said tó them: —

"Thére he is, my last and best work;
Thére he is, the nóble creáture;
Í told yóu, you shoúld see sómething;
Whát do you sáy now? háve I wórd kept?"

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"Whére, where ís he?" sáid the ángels;
"Wé see nóthing bút the líttle ball
With its bíg ball, moón and líttle stars
Ánd queer, yélping, cápering kíckshaws."

"Í don't wéll know whát you meán by
Kickshaws," sáid God, scarcely quíte pleased,
"But, amóng my creatures yonder,
Don't you see one nobler fígure?

"Bý his stróng, round, tail-less buttocks,
Ánd his flát claws you may knów him,
Even were he nót so líke me
Thát we might pass fór twin brothers."

"Now we see him," said the angels;
"Hów is 't possible we o'erlooked him?
Hé 's indeed your very image,
Only smaller and less handsome."

"So I hope the mystery 's cléared up,"
Sáid God, with much self-complacence,
"Ánd you áre no longer puzzled
What I 've been about, these síx days."

"Even th' Almighty," said the angels,
"May be proud of such chef-d'oeuvre,
Such magnificent and crowning
Issue of a síx days' labor.

"Bút we 're curious to know whether
He 's as good insíde as óutside,
As substantial and enduring
As he 's fair to see, and specious."

Hére a déep sigh rent God's bosom,
And a shade came o'er God's features: —
"Ah," he cried, "were ye but honest,
Ánd no traitor stood amongst ye!

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"Then indeed this were a great work,
Then indeed I were too happy;
Ah! it 's too bad, downright too bad,
But I 'll — shall I? yes, I 'll let you;

"Let you disappoint and fret me,
Let you disconcert my whole plan —
Why, of all my virtues, should I
Leave unpractised only patience?

"There he is, my noblest, best work;
Take him, do your pleasure with him;
After all, perhaps I 'll find some
Means to patch my broken saucer.

"Now begone! don't let me see you
Here again, till I send for you;
I 'm tired working, and intend to
Rest my weary bones tomorrow."

So God lay late on the next day,
And, the whole day long, did nothing
But reflect upon his ill luck
And the great spite of the angels;

And God said: — "Because I 've rested
All this seventh day, and done nothing,
Each seventh day shall be kept holy
And a day of rest, for ever."

And as God said and commanded,
So it is now, and still shall be:
All hard work done on each seventh day,
To each first day all respect shown.

Dalkey Lodge, Dalkey (Ireland), Jan. 21, 1855.

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OLD-WORLD STORIES.

II.

ADAM AND EVE.

Nów I 'll tell you — story second —
Hów God made his noblest, bést work —
Made the man and made the woman,
With the strong, round, tail-less buttocks.

God took dust — about three bushels
Very fíne dust, without mixture
Óf quartz rubbish, grit or pebble —
Wet, and kneaded it, with water.

— Náy, nay; Í don't mean such water
Ás Jove, Mercury and Neptune
Wet the cow's hide with, when áll three
Set about to make Orion —

Wíth rain water God the dúst mixed,
Kneaded, moulded into figure,
Tíll head, face and trunk and fóur limbs
Wore his own most perfect likeness.

Thén in through its nose God bléw till
All its lungs were full of Gód's breath,
And its heart went pít-pat, pít-pat,
And it stóod up, on its twó legs,

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And, about it, looked, and wondered,
And a hóp step and three júmps took,
Chattered like a daw or magpie,
Like a kitten, playful capered.

Now there was in Eden, eastward,
Planted by God's self, a garden;
There, it was, God put his image,
Bade him líve in it, dress and keep it:

Not because he was a gardener,
Or knew anything of gardening,
Nor because the garden needed
To be dressed or taken care of;

For the ground had nót been cúrsed yet,
And produced no thorns nor thistles;
Every thing went of itsélf right;
All was good and in perfection;

But he put him there to tempt, and
Try if he could catch him napping,
Laid a regular trap fór him —
Sure enough, he fell plump into it.

Now you 'll say that God was cunning,
When I tell you how he did it:
— Like as tó himself he máde Man,
Hé didn't máke Man half so cunning —

In the middle of the garden,
Full in thé man's sight he set a
Tree with goodly apples laden,
Fair to see, and fragrant smelling,

Thén said to the man: — "Thou shált not,
Fair although they be, and fragrant,
Eat or touch one single apple —
Úpon pain of death, thou shált not.

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"Eat thou mayst of all the other
Apples in the garden growing,
But of this tree if thou touchest
Even one apple, thou 'rt a dead man."

So God said, and brought a deep, sound
Sleep on Adam, his beloved son;
Then, while he was sleeping, came and
Opened one, no matter which, side;

Cautious opened, and took out a
Rib too many he had given him;
Then the wound, as cautious, healed up,
Adam never once perceiving.

In the rib God flesh and bone had,
Ready to his hand provided,
So it took but little trouble
To make out of it a new man.

Twin to twin was never liker,
Than the new man God made of it,
And to Adam gave, to be his
Loving helpmate, Eve, first woman.

So far, so good; if the man 's stiff,
Of himself won't touch the apple,
Woman 's curious, and will likely
Nibble, and persuade her husband.

Pretty sure, now; but to make still
Surer, safer, God a serpent
Put into the garden with them,
Full of subtilty and malice,

And, because the serpent could not,
Without knowledge of their language,
Use his forked tongue to beguile them,
How to speak their language, taught him.

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What their language was, I know not;
Hebrew, Sanscrit or Chaldean —
Some say it was Paradisiac;
Celtic, some; some, Abyssinian —

But the serpent knew, and thús said
To the woman in her language: —
"It 's a very pretty story
God has told you and your husband,

"Thát ye shall die in the dáy ye
Taste, or touch, one of these apples.
Pshaw! don't mind him; hé 'd fain kéep all
Wisdom to himself, and knowledge.

"Whát for áre they, but for eating?
Who 's to eat, but you and Adam?
Put your hánd forth, pluck and éat one,
And be wise as he, and knowing."

What should Éve do, silly woman,
Who knew neither good nor evil,
Could not tell what either méant till
Shé had first the apple tasted?

And the serpent was so pretty,
And so sweetly spoke her language,
And was one of God's own creatures,
Ín God's garden, sporting, with her;

And the apple, on the bránch, there,
Hung so ripe and round and mellow,
And the tree was by God's ówn hand
Planted, and made grow so néar her;

Ánd she had never even so múch as
Dreamt that God, a jealous Gód was —
A designing, jealous Gód was,
Who would lay a trap to catch her;

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Whó would ráin down fire and brimstone
On her gréat-great-gréat-grandchildren;
Whó would slay, in óne night, áll the
Fírst-born in the land of Egypt;

Whó would cút off every soul in
Canaan and the plains of Jordan;
Whó would nót spare even his ówn heir,
Or the bitter cup pass frórn him.

So she stretched — she stretched her hánd out,
Plucked and eat, and gave to Adam,
Who, as God from the beginning
Well had guessed, eat at her bidding.

Then, at last, their eyes were opened,
— All too late and tó no purpose —
And they knew what they had dóne was
Evil, and would be their ruin.

Ánd they said, one to the other,
Knowing now both good and evil: —
"Well! it surely was a fóul trick;
Who 'd have thought God would have done it

"Hé is not the God we thought him,
But a cruel, wicked, bád God;
Cóme, make haste and ín the thicket
Let us hide us from his anger."

Ah! they little knew the Gód from
Whom they thought to hide their faces;
Hé was in the garden spying,
— Taking, as he said, a cóol walk —

Saw them pluck and eat the apple,
Saw the whóle thing, how it happened,
Then, as if he had seen nothing,
Looking simple, called them tó him,

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And, what they had been doing, ásked them.
When he heard, Lord! if you 'd séen him,
How he cursed and swore and threatened,
How he vowed he 'd have their twó lives,

Damned the woman, and the mán damned,
Damned the serpent worse than either,
Cursed the very ground they stóod on,
Thé poor ground that hád done nothing:

Thorns, it shóuld bring forth, and thistles;
Ín his sweat, the man should till it;
Pain and sorrow should attend the
Hapless woman in child-bearing.

Thén God drove both man and woman
Out before him, and a guard of
Cherubim in Eden, eastward,
With a flaming, fiery swórd placed.

High and low, on every síde round,
Day and night, the fiery swórd flamed —
Shut them out, for ever shút them
Out of Eden's happy garden.

And the two went forth to wander
Ánd spread, far and wide, the story,
And behind them in the garden
Left the serpent cozy nestled.

Walking from Rosamond to Glenageary, May 5, 1859.

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III.

CAIN AND ABEL.

Story third is but a shórt one:
Cain was Abel's elder brother;
Children they were both of Adam,
Eve, of both the boys, was mother.

Bád boys bóth were; God had taken
Góod care théy should nót be góod ones,
Fór he hád cursed both their parents,
Cursed the very ground they stóod on.

Thése two bád boys brought God offerings,
— Fondest, still, to bring God offerings,
Are the wórst boys, and most páins take
Always tó keep God on théir side —

Óf the gróund's fruit Cain brought offerings;
Firstlings of the flock, brought Abel;
God a lover was of lámb's flesh,
Didn't care much for eárs of gréen corn.

Só God showed respect to Abel,
Said he liked his róast lamb vastly,
And his back turned on the gréen ears,
Bid Cain gíve them to the cattle.

Cain grew wroth — was it a wonder? —
Wroth with God and wroth with Abel,
And the countenance of Cáin fell,
And he slew his brother Abel.

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Ánd God ásked Cain where was Abel,
Just as if God did not knów well,
Ánd Cain answered: — "Go and seek him;
Ám I then my brother's keeper?"

Thén God said: — "I 've heard the voice of
Abel's blood up from the gróund cry.
Thóu hast slain him. I expected
Better from thy parents' són, Cain.

"What use now in all the pains I
Took to teach them to distinguish
Good from evil, that they míght know
How to réar up virtuous children?

"Some excuse there was for thém, if,
In their ignorance, théy offended;
But there 's none at all for thée, Cain;
With eyes open thou hast dóne this.

"Só thou 'rt damned: begone for ever!
Out before my face I húnt thee;
And upon thee set my mark, that
Every man may know and shún thee.

"Sevenfold vengeance I will táke on
Him that lays on Cain a finger.
Out! begone!" and God drove Cáin forth,
Outlawed, with the mark upon him.

Nów there wás not, in the whóle world,
Other man than Cain and Adam;
Other woman, in the whóle world,
Thére was nót than Eve, his mother;

So the mark didn't dó Cain múch harm,
And he went into the land of
Nod, and married, or, as sóme say,
Into Nod's land took his wífe with him.

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Who his wife was, I don't well know,
But suspect she was an angel —
Of an angel Cain had need, if
Ever man had need of angel;

But in Nod's land Cain a son had,
And in Nod's land built a city,
Enoch — so called from his son's name —
'Tmust have been but a small city,

For, to build it, Cain had but his
Own two bare hands and his wife's two
And his little son's — with the mark on him,
Who, do you think, besides, would help him,

Even if Nod's land had been peopled,
Which it was not? so Cain's city
Was as big as Cain could build it
With his wife's help and his little son's;

Not so big, be sure, as Rome was
Built upon the banks of Tiber
By another and a worse Cain,
Whom God never dreamt of outlawing,

But to heaven took, and rewarded
With a crown of life and glory,
And his city made to flourish,
And reign mistress of the wide world.

Like a knotless thread, my story
Here drops from between my fingers,
For what more Cain in the land of
Nod did, or elsewhere, 's not written.

ROSAMOND, May 7, 1859.

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OLD-WORLD STORIES.

IV.

NOAH'S ARK.

Who hasn't héard talk of the deluge
Happened in the time of Noah,
When the whóle earth was so flooded
Even a rice crop could not grów in it,

And the river fishes perished,
Poisoned by the sált sea-water,
And the fishes, in the sált sea,
Could not live, so great the freshes;

And the valleys into lákes turned,
And the mountain tops, to islands,
Islands first, and then, at last, the
Very mountain tops were covered;

And all things that on the éarth lived,
All were drowned, both big and little —
Man and woman, bird and béast and
Grub and butterfly and beetle;

Fór God said: — "These men and women
Haven't turned out as I expected;
I will drown the wicked sinners —
I 'm so sorry that I máde them!

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"Pity, the poor birds and beasts, which
Never sinned, are so mixed with them
I must drown them all together;
Póoh! no matter; I can máke more.

"Better, I 'd not made the bírds and
Beasts and creeping things and fishes,
Till I 'd seen how Man would túrn out;
'Twas a bungle to make him last.

"But it 's done now; there 's no hélp for it;
All must drown, and I must máke more,
Else the néw world will be nó use —
That 's no small job; let me thínk of it.

"Stay — I have it now, I have it;
All shall nót drown, not even áll men;
I will keep enough to bréed more,
Save me all the trouble of making.

"I will keep for seed, of every
Cléan soul, seven, unclean, one couple;
Even of Man himself I 'll kéep four
Couple, if I cán find fóur good."

Só God looked about until he
Hit on Noah and his three sons: —
"Thése, with théir four wives, will dó," said
God, and called them ánd said tó them: —

"I am going to drown the whóle world,
Só make haste and build an ark of
Gopher wood to save yourselves, in,
And the animals I 'll for séed keep.

"Pitch it well — 'twill be a gréat flood —
Lét there be enough of róom in it;
Put a dóor in it, tó gó ín by,
And a window tó let light in.

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"Take, of every cléan beast, séven pair,
And one páir of every únclean,
Ánd get in, and don't forget you 'll
Need a góod store of provisions."

So the Noahs did as Gód bid;
Built the ark, and went intó it
With provisions, and the cléan pairs
Ánd uncléan pairs of all creatures.

Ín one lóng day — 'tmust have béen a
Very lóng day — all got sáfe in,
Ánd God cáme and turned the latch-key
Ánd got up the rainy weather.

Ín seven days the world was drowning,
Ánd all things, that hád life, ín it;
Ín seven days the ark was floating,
With its burthen, on the waters;

Such a burthen as had súnk a
Gréat East-Indiaman or frigate,
Hád such ships been built in thóse days,
Ór had Noah known hów to build one.

Scarce had fifty such Armadas
Ás Spain sent to conquer England,
Held the cargo Noah's árk held,
Not to talk of floating with it.

Lions, tigers, bears, and jackals,
Órang-óutangs, there were ín it,
Marikinas, lotongs, kahaus,
Sloths, giraffes, and armadillos,

Wolverines and striped hyaenas,
Fenneks, foxes, wolves, and coatis,
Skunks, racoons, and dasyuri,
Porcupines with all their quills on,

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Dogs and cats and bats and peacocks,
Lemur-cattas and galágos,
Cassowaries, dromedaries,
Zebras, antelopes and émeus,

Civets, otters, badgers, pólecats,
Pangolins, ornithorhýnchi,
Guinea-pigs and humming-birds and
Stoats and martens and ichneumons;

Fourmilions and great ant-eaters,
And, of course, the ants to féed them,
Not to speak of ants for breeders,
And straw chips and clay, for ant-hills;

Beavers too, and, for the beavers,
Néw felled trees to make their dáms of;
Water there would be in plenty
Without bringing — so they bróught none;

Neither brought for beaver dams, nor
Brought for washing; good enough for
Either purpose thé flood water,
Though it míght be salt and muddy;

But, as thát wouldn't do for drinking,
Noah buílt vats, broad and deep as
Guinness's great porter vat, or
Heidelberg's far-famous wíne tun,

And outside the ark suspended,
Fore and aft, to catch the ráin in,
And one vat he set apart for
Crocodiles and alligators,

And, outside the ark, to leeward
Hung, and balanced with another
Hung to windward for guillemóts and
Auks and cormorants to díve in;

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And, for fear they might get out and
In the flood be lost, he covered
Both the leeward vat and windward
With a stróng net, and made áll tight;

And by góod luck, at the moment,
Finding a large lump of róck salt,
Threw as much, into the áuks' vat,
As would make the water brackish.

Now the elephants were heavy,
Could not easily go úp stairs,
So he put them in the middle
Of the first floor, on an extra

Thick and solid gopher planking,
And the hippopotamuses,
Tapirs and rhinoceroses,
On the planking put beside them;

Not because that was the bést place
Fór beasts needing so much water,
But because such heavy ballast
Could not safely be stowed élsewhere;

And, to make amends, — your Noah,
After all, was á good, kínd soul —
Gave them douches with the bílge-pump,
Night and morning, when he hád time.

But it wasn't enough to make the
Gróund floor of his building heavy,
Hé must keep the tóp floor líght, if
Hé would have his building steady;

So he put upon the tóp floor
Nothing but his lightest luggage,
And between the first two storeys
All his heavy bulk divided;

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Ánd so cleverly disposed all,
That if God had taken the ark, and
Pitched it from him topsy-turvy,
'Twould have righted, of its ówn self,

Ánd stood upright on its bottom;
Ás you have seen a plaything fairy,
Whén you have sét it on its píth end,
Turn, and stánd-up on its léad end.

So, upon the tóp floor, Noah
Put the flies and gnats and sphinxes,
Crickets, grasshoppers, cockróaches,
Glow-worms, aphides, and earwigs;

Stuck the spiders in the corners;
In the chinks, the bugs and woodlice;
Had a dunghill for the beetles,
For the cochineal, a cactus;

At the óne end of the sáme floor,
Set up perches for the turkeys
And the guinea-fowl and péa-fowl
And the cocks and hens and chickens;

At the other end, a dove-cot
And a pigeon-house and swan-house,
And a pheasantry, and yárd for
Grouse and guans and curassows.

No bird-fancier was Noah,
Scarcely even had ear for music;
Pity, for bird-fancier never
Móre choice had, or greater plenty:

Blackbirds, thrushes, robin-redbreasts,
Siskins, black-caps, and canaries,
Skylarks, titlarks, meadow-pipits,
Wrens and nightingales and warblers,

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And the bullfinch and the linnet,
And the mocking-bird and hoopoe,
And the redwing and ring-ouzel,
Stare and oriole and cuckoo;

But he liked as well the screaming
Of the parrakeets and parrots,
And as lief would listen tó the
Raven's croak or magpie's chatter;

So he put them all together,
Screamers, whistlers, singers, talkers,
In a cage that filled the whóle length,
And the whóle height, of one síde-wall;

And, upon the opposite síde-wall,
In as tall and wide a cage, stowed
Vultures, eagles, albatrosses,
Kites and sparrow-hawks and buzzards,

Gypaëtes and lämmergeiers,
Djous, flyseekers and flycatchers,
Palikours and platyrhynchi,
Owls, shrikes, vangas, and edolii,

And — for Noah better lóved peace
Than your Victors and Napoleons —
Chained the strong ones to their perches,
Fenced the weak ones round with wicker.

Ín Sans Souci Palace garden,
Or Versailles or Hampton Court, thou hast
Seen, no doubt, set in the ground, a
Broad and shallow marble basin

Full of muddy, fetid water,
Wíth gold-fishes swimming ín it,
Or a pair of swans upon it,
Ánd sea Triton in the middle.

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Thrée such broad and shallow basins,
Tanks, say rather, for he neither
Marble had nor Triton, Noah
Built of seasoned gopher-wood, and

In- and out-side pitched and sanded,
Ánd set in the floor, and thréw in
Mud and gravel for a bottom,
Ánd filled to the brim with water,

And with trees, in tubs and barrels,
Garnished round so thick as barely
Tó leave room to pass between his
Winter-garden and his cages.

In the first tank, on their lóng shanks,
Gaunt and solemn, stalked the herons,
Spoonbills, bitterns, demoiselle cranes,
And the stork went clitter-clatter;

And the red flamingo gobbled
Frogs and toads up, by the dozen,
Frogs and toads brought for the purpose —
In the next tank were the breeders:

Green frogs, red frogs, brown frogs, búll frogs,
Shad frogs, bell frogs, palmipede frogs,
Grunters, whistlers, jakies, giants,
Thick-armed, thin-armed, paradóx frogs.

Such a quacking, such a croaking,
Such a Βρεκεκεξ κοαξ κωξ,
You 'd have guessed a flood was coming,
Even if God hadn't said a wórd of it.

Leeches, too, were in the fróg tank,
Axolotls and hellbénders,
Piping toads and toads that cóuldn't pipe,
Marbled newts, and salamanders.

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Round about and in and óut, frisked
Sepses, skinks, Egyptian geckos,
Tupinambis, and guanas
Both the horned ones and the hornless.

In the third tank ducks and géese swam,
And the tame swan and the wíld swan,
And the black swan with the réd bill,
And the white swan with the bláck head;

And the gannet, gull, and dobchick,
And the great, black-bellied darter,
And the water-rail and báld-coot,
And New Holland's cereopsis.

There they swam, but how to feed them
Noah knew no more than yóu do,
So he told his wife to mind them;
She had been used, at home, to poultry;

Happy fór them! for she brought them,
Once a day, all sorts of garbage —
Crumbs and crusts and mashed potatoes;
How they gabbled, how they crowded

To the tánk's edge, when they saw her,
With her wooden bowl full, coming,
Followed by the hens and chickens,
And her Sanscrit "chuck, chuck, chúck," heard!

From her loving, loyal subjects,
Never queen had greater honor,
Than, from water-fowl and lánd-fowl,
Noah's wife, so long as ín her

Wooden bowl there was one gobbet;
Thinner levy had dethroned queen
Never, than the wife of Noah
When her wooden bowl was empty.

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In the tubs that round the tánks stood,
Rat and mouse and dormouse burrowed,
And the tandrek and the tendrak
And the porcupine and hedgehog,

And the urson and cuándo
And the campagnol and lemming
And the badger and the otter
And the field-mouse, shrew, and rabbit,

And the hamster and the fitchet
And the sable and pine-marten
And the weasel and the ferret;
And sir Mole made his encampment.

Up and down the trees ran squirrels,
Guerlinguets and pteromýses,
Ór cracked nuts, upon the branches,
Or from branch to branch leaped nimble.

And chameleons, wiser far than
Ovid and his fellows thought them,
Grów fat, not on empty air, but
Flies and gnats caught on their glíb tongues.

Round about the hollow trunks, buzzed
Honey bees of every species,
Ór sipped nectar from the florets,
Or, in swarms, hung from the branches;

For, not being an adept, Noah
Hád brought, by mistake, the quéen bees,
And the whole communities followed,
Drones and laborers and neuters.

But if Noah had more bées than
Hé had hollow trunks to hold them,
Á superabundant stock of
Wax and honey, was a godsend;

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For, as there was but one window
Ánd one door, for air and light both,
And the ark had three great storeys,
Yóu could hardly see your hánd in it,

Till the wives of Noah's three sons,
Whó knew something about chandling,
Thought of making great wax candles,
Such as you see now in churches,

Ánd lit up the ark as well as
Tiers of windows would have lit it;
Ay and better, for outside was
Little light, or none, to cóme in,

Though it hád been made of gláss all,
Roof and walls, like Sydenham Palace,
Not of solid gopher wood, lined,
In- and out-side, with asphaltum;

And the honey was a bónne-bouche,
Not alone for all the Noahs,
But for all the honey-guides, and
Bears, wasps, hornets and gorillas;

Ánd, even ín the ark, was true: "Non
Vobis vos mellificatis" —
Ah! the bee's fate is a sád one;
Isn't it, honey-loving reader?

On the topmost boughs the herons,
Cranes and storks built, and their yóung hatched;
Here and there, among the branches,
Tap, tap, tap went the wood-pécker.

Not a leaf but was alíve with
Aphides and hemeróbii,
Milking ants, curculionites,
Kermes, coccinel, or coccus;

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Or with shell-snails imbricated,
Or hung with epeira meshes,
Or, with moth capes and moth mantles,
Littered like a draper's counter;

Or the fly-ichneumon, boring
With her long and slender auger,
Laid her cuckoo-egg within the
Cynips' and tenthredo's castle.

Maggots crackled, crawled, and tumbled;
Eggs were strown-about like fine sand,
Or lay heaped, like grapes, in clusters,
Or in rows strung like neckláces;

And to have gathered up the pupas
And cocoons, from leaf and branch and
From the earth about the trées' roots,
Would have kept a gardener busy

Until winter, though it had béen but
Tó throw all into a heap and
Make a merry bonfire óf them,
Or with lime mix for a compost;

Not that Noah hadn't a fine taste,
Or, though never sworn at Highgate,
Didn't prefer, when he could get it,
The imago to the pupa;

But, as even your handiest tailor
Must, according to his clóth, cut
Coat or mantle, so your Noah
Must his ark, not as he líked best,

But, as best he could, fill úp, and
Entomologist enough was
Not to go imago-hunting,
In the egg or pupa season.

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To be sure, he had his fly-nets,
Ánd caught butterflies and locusts,
Fire-flies, gad-flies, horse-flies, boat-flies,
And the great lucanus cervus,

Ánd all sorts of tilli, grylli,
Tettigoniae and cicádae,
And — which sure he might have lét lie —
Tineae, blattae, and mosquitoes.

Sphexes, too, he had collected,
Rembi, syrphi, uleiótae,
Lovely thaides and roxanas,
Ánd some bombyces and bombi,

And — hard pressed for room as ever
Druggist, in his shop, or grocer —
Hung all up in paper bágs, with
Cord and pulley, to the rafters,

Ánd threw-in the rice and méal worms,
And the sugar louse, and weevil,
And the book worm, and the paste worm,
And the death-watch, tick, and chéese mite.

Leave them there, and come with mé now,
Dównstairs, to the middle storey —
Isn't it bedlam? Such a chatter,
Such a moping, such a mowing,

Such a jigging, jerking, jumping,
Capering, frisking, caracoling,
Swinging, flinging, pirouetting,
Climbing up, and climbing dówn, bars;

Such a whistling, such a whining,
Such a jabbering, japing, crying,
Such a yelping, such a yelling,
Such a carnival and máy-fair,

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Of baboons and chimpanzees and
Órang-óutangs and gorillas,
Micos, patases, and mandrils,
Tamaries and coaïtas,

Preaching monkeys, howling monkeys,
Weeping monkeys, and entelli,
Grivets, vervets and green monkeys,
Satans, belzebubs, and gibbons,

Capuchins and talapoins,
Sais and sajous and guerezas,
Caged with thós-dogs, jackals, foxes,
Dholes and dingos and lycáons,

And the proteles Lalandii,
And the taraffe and impompo,
And the tulki and the tilki,
And the koola of the jungle;

Lemurs, too, and lichanoti,
Makis, varis and macaucos,
Kangaroos and potooroos, and
Lemmings, campagnols and wombats.

And, from time to time, the lion
Frightened with his roar the whóle ark,
And the áss brayed, and the hórse neighed,
And the wólf howled, and the dóg barked;

And the tiger, in his beauty,
Up and down paced, never resting;
Never resting, up and dówn paced
Ounce and ocelot and puma;

And the leopard, and the panther,
And the jaguar, lynx and cougar,
If you had seen them, how they ramped and
Crouched, by turns, and glared and bristled!

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And, not yet to go erect taught,
Brówn bears, grisly bears and bruangs
Shuffled awkward upon áll-fours,
Ánd looked out for Japhet coming

Wíth full calabash of honey,
Mangosteens, or ripe sorb apples,
Ánd turned up their snouts at whíte bears
Gorging upon kreng and stock-fish;

And the hateful, fell hyaena,
Skulking in his den's dark corner,
Gnawed a thígh-bone, he had brought with him,
Of a drowned antediluvian.

Ín with mé now through this wicket,
Lift the latch, and stoop your héad low;
Nothing fear, you 're safe in Noah's
Spacious deer-park, sty, and cowhouse.

That 's the lordly bison, chewing
Nonchalant his morning's breakfast;
That 's the plough ox; that 's the músk ox;
That 's the buffalo, tethered néxt you.

Next beyond, you see the mílch cows —
Wé 're too late, quite, for the milking;
Noah's sóns' wives — clever housewives —
Milk and strain and set, ere sunrise.

What do you say to yon score bullocks,
— Lóng horns, ten, and ten are shórt horns —
Noah 's fattening-up on wurzel,
For menagerie and hóuse use?

Now come here, I 'll show you something:
There 's a sheep-pen you 'll scarce mátch me,
Fifty ammons, mouflons fifty,
Short- and long-tailed, all for eating;

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Fifty ammons more for wool, and
Fifty mouflons more for sheep-robe,
For, you know, the flood will léave but
Small provision for the winter,

And a prudent man, like Noah,
Must lay-in both food and clothing,
To supply him, not alóne while
In the ark, but when he has gót out;

For, just think in what a státe he 'll
Find the whóle world when he géts out;
Dripping, dropping, slime and sílt, all,
Not a dry spot tó set fóot on;

Not a braird of corn or gráss, left,
Not a hedge or ridge or furrow,
Not a roof his head to shelter,
Every hole choke-full of water;

Not one grain, one seed, one berry,
Not one onion or potato,
Even the eels killed in the múd by
Thé salt water from the gréat deep;

Even the herrings of the gréat deep
Stifled by the river freshes,
Or if one, by chance, alíve left,
Not a living soul to catch it.

So, not for himself alóne, but
All his fellow-sailors, Noah
Must provide, both on the voyage
Ánd for many a lóng month after,

And, besides his couples cléan and
Couples únclean, carry wíth him
Sheep and swine and goats, by fifties,
Hay by ricks, and corn by cárt-loads.

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Stop your nose now, and make háste past
Pigs and peccaries and cavies,
Phacochoeri, babyroussae,
Taytetous and tagnicatis;

And take care you don't your fóot miss
In the slough of mast and offal;
And keep off from thát tusked boar, if
Yóu would not be an Adonis.

Wéll done! áll right! There 's the móose-deer,
And the fallow deer and roebuck,
And the red deer, and the reindeer,
And the wapeti and axis,

And the soft, full eyed gazelle, and
Bubalis and cervicapra,
And the kevel and the koba,
Dorcas, whang-yang, and pygarga,

And the chamois and the spríngbock,
And the nylghau, gnu and caama,
And the philosophic goat, and
Capricorn not yet translated,

And the zebra, and the quagga,
And the dshikketaei and koulan,
And the llama and vicunna,
And the one- and two-hunched camel.

Ánd see where, his kameel-doorn leaves
All consumed, the tall giráffe stands;
Watch him close, you 'll see the cúd go
Slowly up and down his lóng neck.

What 's the matter? why so frightened?
Let them híss there, théy can't hárm you;
Noah has secured them áll well
In a bulk-head of his first floor;

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Lóok down át them through the tráp-door,
How they 're twisting, twining, coiling,
Writhing, glaring, darting, rattling,
Spirting venom with their fórked tongues,

Adders, aspics, amphisbaenas,
Rattle-snakes and horned cerastes,
Dún snakes, smóoth snakes, Bordelaís snakes,
Vipers green and vipers yellow,

Anacondas, pythons, boas,
Pseudoboas and megaeras,
And, even by his fellow snákes feared,
Shunned and hated, Eden's cúrsed snake.

Come awáy quick; shut the dóor down;
Leave them there, to sin and Satan —
Stay, there 's something creeping on you;
Brush it off; it 's but a chigoe,

That, by sóme chance has got óut of
Noah's fléa-box and louse-casket,
And, bad company eschewing,
Sets out, solus, on its travels;

That 's the box, the nearest tó you
On the shélf there. In the néxt box
Are the centipedes and scorpions;
I 'd advise you not go néar it;

Nor the next one, full of coyas,
Furias, guinea-worms and itch-worms;
And, if you are wise, you 'll let the
Vampyres hang, where they are hanging,

By their twó hooks, from the purlin;
They 'll be busy when the night comes;
It 's not bad economy in
Noah, not to keep them cáged up.

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Now the show 's done, what do you think of it?
Was there ever such another,
Since the first great cattle-show and
Naming-fair in happy Eden?

I suppose I need not take you
To the granary, on the first floor,
Or the hay-barn, or the dairy,
Or the vegetable garden,

Or the fruit-shop, or the larder,
Or the pantry, or the kitchen,
Or the ladies' drawing-room, or
Noah's own room and check-office,

And bedchamber; 't might be tedious,
And we 're both tired, and we wouldn't like
To be treated as intruders,
So we may as well be going —

"But the fishes, where are they all,
And the oysters, crabs, and lobsters,
And sea-urchins and sea-nettles,
And infusories and polyps,

"Which could not, you just now told me,
Live in the flood's brackish waters,
Are they all drowned? or are these, too,
Saved in clean and unclean couples?"

All forgot, and every one drowned,
Clean and unclean, fish and polyp,
Crabs, infusories, and lobsters,
Urchins, oysters, and sea-nettles;

Every one asphyxiated
In the muddy, brackish waters,
And must, every one, be new made,
Or the world jog on without them.

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"And the tape-worm, and the maw-worm,
And the ascaris and flúke and" —
Why, safe, to be sure, in Noah's
And his fellow-sailors' bowels.

Nó more questions, if you 'd nót have
Fibs for answers — come awáy, come.
Pleasant voyage to you áll, boys,
And may God send safe the góod ship!

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, Sept. 21, 1859.

OLD-WORLD STORIES.

V.

THE TOWER OF BABEL.

TOWER so high, there never yét was
As the famous tower of Babel —
I 'll not say how many yárds high,
Ás I never chanced to sée it;

Bút God saw it, and came dówn from
Heaven to take a clóse view óf it,
Ánd didn't like it, and determined
Babel tower should not be finished.

I do nót know whether Gód thought
Men might up to heaven climb bý it,
Ór didn't think it could be safely
Built with slime instead of mortar;

Or perhaps God did not like the
Babylonish style of building;
Or perhaps it was for mére spite —
Likelier cause than any other.

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Bút that 's áll one; God didn't like it,
Ánd at once saw there was nó plan
Half so sure to put a stóp to it,
As a strike among the workmen.

How to manage? Stay, he hás it;
Makes each one forget his language,
Teaches each a different náme for
Brick and slime and hod and trowel.

Scholars apt, a clever teacher —
Whát may not be learned in súch case?
Chitter-chatter go the masons,
And stand staring at each other;

Staring stand, and gape and wonder,
Thén fall-to, again, a-chattering,
Thén throw down their hods and trowels,
Ánd start off, each at a tangent,

Leaving the contractor ruined,
Leaving Babel tower unfinished,
Á memorial of the first strike,
And a warning to the whóle world,

Not to take in hand agáin to
Build a tower so high as Babel,
Tíll they háve made polyglots of
Thé contractor and the masons.

Walking from Rosamond to Kilmashogue Mountain, May, 1859.

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OLD-WORLD STORIES.

VI.

ABRAHAM.

Part First.

Díd you ever hear of Abraham,
Hów he wént down into Egypt
With his oxen, sheep, and camels,
When the famine was in Moreh?

Hów he had a pretty wife too,
Whom he could not but bring with him,
Though he knew the Egyptians were as
Fond, as he, of pretty women?

Só he sáid to her: — "Wife Sarah,
Have a care of these Egyptians;
Gó to! say you are my sister;
If you don't, I ám a déad man;

"Fór they 're fond of pretty women,
Ánd you know you 're pretty, Sarah;
Só they 'll kíll me, to get át you,
Íf they hear I am your husband.

"To be sure, it ís not quíte true,
But I know God wíll forgive you
For the líe, both, and adultery,
Knowing they are both for mý sake."

"Abraham's will is Sarah's pleasure,"
Answered Sarah, simpering sweetly;
"Ás for God, who knows him better
Than the father of the faithful?"

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Só said, só done. Sarah's beauty
Smote the Egyptians, ánd, befóre long,
Abraham's sister was installed in
Thé seraglio of the Pharaohs;

Ánd the Pharaohs for her sáke made
Presents to her brother Abraham;
And well treated for her sáke was
Abraham in the land of Egypt.

All was right now, and the chéat was
Prospering well, when it pleased Gód to
Plague — no, not the cheating parties,
But — the cheated house of Pharaoh.

Which, when Pharaoh was quite súre of
— For, at first, he couldn't believe it:
Wás not Abraham's God a júst God?
And could Abraham lie, or Sarah? —

Hé grew wroth and said to Abraham: —
"What is this thou hást done tó me?
Fór thy wife's sake I am plágued thus.
Why said'st thou she was thy sister?

"Tó my wife, I might have taken her,
Ánd this foul, foul crime committed —
Óut; begone; thy wife take with thee;
Lét me see the last of bóth of ye."

Then the servants drove them óut, both,
Ánd they went up out of Egypt
Into Canaan, and in Gerar
Played the sáme trick on Abímelech.

Ánd God plagued Abimelech likewise,
Plagued his wife and plagued his handmaids,
Closed their wombs and made them barren,
All for Sarah, Abraham's wife's sake.

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Ánd Abímelech sáid to Abraham: —
"What lie 's this which thou hast told me?
Get thee gone, and somewhere élse dwell;
See, my land is all before thee.

"Take thy wife, and take the thousand
Silver pieces I have gíven thee,
And the men- and women-servants,
And the shéep take, and the oxen,

"And begone, and to thy Gód pray
That he plague no more Abímelech,
Who, until this cheat, as little
Knew of him as of his prophet."

Abraham did as he was bidden,
Took his wife, the sheep, the oxen,
And the men- and women-servants,
And the thousand silver pieces,

And away went, and to Gód prayed
Not to plague Abímelech longer;
Ánd God hearkened to his prophet,
And the plague stayed, and Abímelech's

Wife's and handmaids' wombs were opened,
And they bare Abímelech children,
And the fear of Abraham's Gód came
On Abímelech and his nation.

So, with help of Sarah's beauty,
Abraham, every day, grew richer;
Ánd God greatly prospered Abraham,
And, in all he did, was wíth him.

Rosamond, April 18, 1859.

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OLD-WORLD STORIES.

ABRAHAM.

Part Second.

Chapter first you 've heard of Abraham,
How he passed his wife on Pharaoh
For his sister, and, with Gód's help,
Came, a rích man, out of Egypt.

Nów, if yóu would like to héar more
Óf the doings of the sáme pair
When they were a hundred yéars old,
Listen to my second chapter.

Fourscore yeárs and ten, was Sarah,
Ánd, by nine years older, Abraham,
Whén God talked with Abraham, saying: —
"Í am God Almighty, Abraham.

"Í have chosen thee to bless thee,
Ánd to make a gréat man óf thee;
Nations shall be born thy children;
Walk before me and be perfect.

"In this land thou art a stranger,
Ánd hast nó right tó one fóot of it:
From the owners I will take it
And to thee and thý seed gíve it.

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"Í will be thy God, and thóu shalt
Be my prophet." "It 's a bargain,"
Answered Abraham, "and a góod one;
All it wants now 's tó be wéll sealed."

"Í seal bargain!" críed God, angry;
"Never! sealing is thy business;
With thy foreskin thou shalt séal it,
Thou and every male among ye.

. . . . . .

"Wíth your foreskins yé shall seal it,
Every mále soul in your whóle house,
Every mále child, every mále slave"
(God approved of slaves in thóse days).

"Cút off sháll be, from among ye,
Every mále that shall not só seal,
Fréeborn, ór slave bóught with money,
Child of slave or child of freeborn."

Só said God, and up to héaven went;
Ánd, that sáme day, circumcised were
Abraham's self and Abraham's whóle house,
Young and óld males, slave and freeborn.

"Now I 've done my part," said Abraham,
"Let us see how God will dó his;
Í 'm a góod, round hundred yéars old,
Ánd wife Sarah 's not much younger.

"Maybe, after all, what Gód meant,
Was, to bless me in my bastard,
Ishmael, the son of Hagar —
Bastards, I 've heard say, are lucky."

Tó himself while Abraham thús said,
Ín the sún's heat, át his tént door,
Hé saw thrée men coming towards him,
Ánd rose up and ran to meet them,

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And said to them: — "Please sit down, sirs,
Underneath this tree, and rest ye;
Water for your feet I 'll fetch ye,
And your hearts with bread will comfort."

They were sweating, tired, and hungry;
Dusty were their feet, and dirty;
And there were no inns in those days;
So you may suppose they sat down

Well content, while Abraham brought them
Water for their feet, and killed a
Young and tender calf, and dressed it;
Butter, too, and milk he brought them.

And they eat and were refreshed, and
Abraham stood by — lucky Abraham!
One of these three men was God, and
Didn't forget to ask for Sarah;

Who was in the tent door, listening,
And began to titter when she
Heard God say to Abraham: — "Let her
Get her baby-linen ready."

"What makes Sarah titter?" said God;
"Is 't because I talked of babies?
Does she better know, than God knows,
What God can, and what God can't, do?"

"I didn't titter; I!" said Sarah;
"Nay, thou did'st," said God, "I heard thee;
In the tent door, heard thee, tittering,
At our backs, while we were talking."

Sarah shouldn't have told this big lie,
Shouldn't have contradicted God plump,
Shouldn't have stood behind backs, listening,
Might have known, she would be found out.

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Nay, don't tell me that 'twas Abraham,
Abraham's self, had taught her lying;
Or, that she couldn't know that Gód was
Óne of her three guests, or which one;

Or, that God and angels listen
— Still keep listening and eavesdropping —
And, that very day, a sét had
Made on Abraham, both, and Sarah.

Í 'll not hear your vain excuses;
Sarah listened, told a plúmp lie,
Tó his beard God contradicted,
And the only wonder ís, God

Díd not curse her as, for less than
Half of her offence, he cúrsed Eve,
Or a féw drops sprinkle ón her
Of the rain in store for Sodom.

Why he díd not 's no conundrum,
Tedious to be puzzled over:
Wasn't she Abraham's wife, and needed
To be mother of the faithful?

Só God stomached thé affront, and,
When his lunch was finished, róse up,
Bid good morning, and toward Sodom
Went, accompanied by Abraham: —

"This time next year, Abraham," sáid God,
Side by side as théy walked friendly,
"Thóu shalt see which of the twó 's right,
Sarah or the God of Abraham.

"I will bless and multiplý thee,
Make a mighty nation óf thee;
Not a kindred óf the éarth but
Shall a blessing have in Abraham;

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"For I know him, long and well, as
My best friend and coadjutor;
I 'll to him stick who to me sticks —
Always one hand wash the other.

"But your neighbours here, in Sodom,
Root and branch I will destroy them
— Hen and chicken, cut them all off —
Sure as I am God Almighty;

"That 's to say, if, when I go down,
— I 'm upon my way, this moment —
I find half the stories true I
Hear of their abominations.

"Fire and brimstone down upon them
I 'll from heaven rain — what do you stare at?
We 've in heaven so much of both stuffs
That it 's scarcely safe to sleep in it."

Abraham wondered, but said nothing,
And God went on to explain how
In due time he meant to make a
Separate place to keep such stuffs in.

"Don't forget to tell thy nephew,"
Said God, when he had explained all;
"Warned is armed, and let him make haste;
Fire and brimstone do their work quick."

"Lord," said Abraham, "peradventure
In the city there are fifty
Righteous men found, thou 'lt not, surely,
Slay the righteous with the guilty?

"Far be it from the Lord and God of
All the earth, to do unjustly."
"For the sake of fifty righteous,"
Answered God, "I 'll spare the city."

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"I 'm but sinful dust and ashes,"
Thén said Abraham, "yet I 'm bold to
Ask, if five lack of the fifty,
Wilt thou then destroy the city?"

"I will spare it for the sake of
Five and forty righteous," said God.
"If there be but barely forty?"
"Even for forty's sake I 'll spare it."

"Be not angry, Lord!" said Abraham;
"If the righteous be but thirty?"
"Even for thirty's sake," replied God,
"I will nót destroy the city."

"Peradventure," then said Abraham,
"Only twenty are the righteous?"
"For the sake of twenty righteous,"
Answered God, "I 'll spare the city."

"Once more bear with me," said Abraham;
"If the righteous only tén be?"
"If there be ten righteous in it,"
Said God, "I will spare the city."

I don't know why Abraham stópped here;
And didn't keep still plucking háirs out
Of the máre's tail till he had cóme to
Five, and four, and three, and twó, and

None, at last, and só saved Sodom;
But, whatever was his reason,
Abraham stopped at ten, and Gód went
Into Sodom, and, not finding

Tén men righteous, in the city,
Rained down fire and brimstone ón it,
And upon Gomorrah, near it,
And upon the plain of Jordan;

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Made a solfatara of it,
And of all the country round it;
Every living soul killed in it,
Old and young, and male and female,

Only, for the sake of Abraham,
Saving four: Lot, Abraham's nephew,
And Lot's wife and Lot's two daughters;
How these turned out, you shall now hear.

Lot got drunk and by his eldest
Daughter had a son called Moab;
Of the Moabites he was father,
Worshippers of Baal and Chemosh,

And, of Balak, predecessor,*
Who hired Balaam, son of Beor,
To curse Moses and the children
Whom God brought up out of Egypt;

But the angel of the Lord stood
In the way of the enchanter,
With a drawn sword, where the road was
Narrow, and a wall on each side.

Now the enchanter did not see him,
Though he was a brave enchanter,
And had gone on and been surely
Cut to mincemeat by the angel,

But the donkey he was riding,
Happily for the enchanter,
Saw the angel and the drawn sword,
And stopped short and wouldn't go farther,

And, when the enchanter chid him,
And belaboured with his cudgel,
Bruised his foot against a wall, and
Fair, at last, into a field turned.

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Only harder struck the enchanter,
And the ass was getting the wórst of it,
Whén God, in his goodness, opened
Donkey's mouth, and thus said donkey: —

"Íf thou hadst one grain of sense, it 's
Hay and oats thou wouldst be giving me,
Not this basting with thy cudgel;
Whó has saved thy life but donkey?

"Sée there! see! Look straight before thee!"
Balaam looked, but cóuld see nothing,
Ánd was only growing the angrier,
Ánd, if hé had had a swórd, would

Fór the ass have done exactly
What, but for the ass, the angel
Hád for hím done, when the Lórd, to
Save, at once, the ass's credit

And the life of the enchanter,
Deigned to open Balaam's eyes and
Show him what he had shown the donkey: —
"Í 'll go back again," said Balaam.

But the angel of the Lórd said: —
"Páss on, thís time; bút take warning,
Ánd turn back the néxt time donkey
Stóps short where the road is narrow."

"Asses sometimes stop to bray," said
Balaam, trembling, "or to piddle."
"Ít 's all one," replied the angel;
"Íf thou 'rt wise, thou 'lt túrn back néxt time;

"Fór it 's not to be expected,
If the Lord again should sénd me
With a dráwn sword to wayláy thee,
Ánd thine áss again should spý me,

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"That the Lord a second time will
Play the fóol's part he has todáy played,
Ánd teach donkey Moabitish,
Just to balk himself and mé, both.

"Só, the néxt time donkey stóps short,
Túrn back, Balaam; if he stóps to
Bray or piddle, there 's small hárm done;
Íf it 's Í 'm there, then thy lífe 's saved."

Hów Lot's eldest daughter had a
Son called Moab, you have júst heard,
Ánd you have héard who was his father,
Só, I hope, it won't surprise or

Greatly shock you when I tell you
Lot got drunk the next night also,
And his younger daughter bore him,
Ín nine months, his son Ben-Ammi.

Of the Ammonites hé was father,
Whom the Lord would nót let Moses
Drive out, to make room for Israel,
But preserved safe in the lánd which

Hé had taken from the Zuzims,
And, when he had killed the Zuzims,
Given the Ammonites to live in:
'Twas for Lót's sake he so lóved them.

Of the four elect souls Gód saved
Out of Sodom, there remains now
Only Lót's wife to be told of,
And of her what need I tell you?

Fór there 's not a child but knóws well
Thát Lot's wife was turned intó a
Pillar of salt, for looking back, and
Spying whát God did to Sodom;

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Ánd if bút few ever sáw that
Pillar of salt, it ís small wonder,
When we take into accóunt how
Very deliquescent sált is.

But, according to his wórd, the
Lord did something unto Sarah,
And the woman of almóst a
Hundred yéars old, had a fíne boy.

Now I 'm sure you 'll think it ódd, God
Chose to go so by contraries,
Keeping pretty Sarah barren
Tíll she was almóst a hundred,

Ánd then, wíthout rhyme or reason,
Giving her, all óf a sudden,
Such a bouncing son and heir as
Made her husband's handmaid jealous: —

"Ah!" cried Hagar, when she sáw the
Withered, shrivelled patriarchess,
Giving suck and crying "Hush-o!"
"Í may go about my business."

At the weaning was a gréat feast,
Music, and I dón't know whát not;
Abraham happy, Sarah happy,
Happy all but handmaid Hagar.

In a corner sat the handmaid,
Sad and sulky — cóuld you blame her? —
"What 's the matter, mistress spóil-sport?"
Sarah said, and called her tó her.

"Are you fretting God has made me
Independent of your bastard?
Are you fretting father Abraham
Has no longer need of handmaids?

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"It 's a thousand pities — isn't it? —
God has found a way to give the
World his blessing without help of
Either Ishmael or his mother.

"Out! begone! and Ishmael with you;
In the desert of Beer-Sheba
You 'll have room enough and time to
Calculate the age of Sarah."

Many and many a man 't has fretted,
That his concubine and wife couldn't
Live in harmony together,
And it fretted Abraham sorely.

Hé was fond of both his sóns, and
— Whó can doubt it? — quite as fond of,
If not twice as fond of, Hagar,
As he ever was of Sarah;

And although he was so fúll of
Faith, and knowledge of the trúe God,
— In whose universal presence,
Deserts smile and smell like gardens —

Cóuldn't help thinking Hagar ánd her
Little Ishmael would be quíte as
Wéll off in the tent with hím as
In God's desert of Beer-Sheba;

Só he swithered, shilly-shallied,
Ánd had just begun to think that
Sarah could as well, or better
In the desert shift than Hagar,

When — was nót the nodus worthy
Of a God to come and loose it? —
God commands, and Abraham drives out
Hagar, hand in hand with Ishmael.

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You have heard how cruel Romans,
At the bidding óf their fálse Gods,
Used to entomb, alive, the vestal
Guilty of a peccadillo.

With a pitcher full of water,
And a loaf of bread, they left her
Buried in the ground, to perish,
Ánd I never heard that óf their

Fálse Gods one came near to sáve her —
Ah! she perished but too surely,
Whén she had drained the pitcher empty,
And the loaf of bread was finished.

Wíth such bowels of compassion,
Abraham put a loaf of bread and
Bottle full of water into
Hagar's hands and drove her out, with

Little Ishmael, to perish
In the desert of Beer-Sheba.
Bút his God was not a fálse God,
And — as soon as she had finished

Both the bread and water, ánd had
Laid the child down and gone fár off,
Thát she míght not see him perish —
Made inquiries, by his angel,

In a lóud voice from the ský down,
(Thére was nó noise in the desert,
Ánd she heard the voice, distinctly)
Saying "Hagar, why this crying?"

— Mother, both, and child were crying,
So it was no wonder Gód heard,
Who, you know, is always listening
Ánd has shárp ears — "Take the chíld up,

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"Give him drink — see! yonder 's water" —
And he showed her where the wéll was —
"Hé 's a fíne boy, ánd I 'll réar him
Ánd make óf him á great nation."

Gód didn't say — it would have shócked her —
Á great nation of blasphemers,
Pagans, heathens, Moslem robbers,
Foes of God and of the trúe faith.

Í can't say if God himsélf knew,
But incline to think he díd not;
God has shown himself, at áll times,
More or less enthusiastic;

Hoped to make a fíne world óf it,
Full of peace and love and blessing,
Yet, before it was a mónth old,
Cursed the job, so bad it túrned out.

So it 's not unlikely Gód thought
Hé would make a second Israel
Out of Ishmael, and the wórld bless
In the wífe, both, and the handmaid.

Bút let thát pass; Hagar díd as
God commanded, took the chíld up,
Filled her bottle at the well, and
Drank, herself, and gave the chíld drink;

And the lives of both were saved, and
Gód blessed Ishmael, as he promised,
Ánd he gréw up and became the
Robin Hood of Paran desert.

Truer shaft, in Sherwood Forest,
Suit of Lincoln green sped never,
Than the lóng shaft from the bów sprang
Óf this first of Bedouin robbers.

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An Egyptian was his mother,
And he married an Egyptian,
And had twélve sons — Bedouin chiefs, all —
By his wife some, some by handmaids;

And he lived a hundred years and
Seven and thirty, and then díed off
And was gathered to his people —
Théy didn't gó to heaven in thóse days.

OLD-WORLD STORIES.

ABRAHAM.

Part Third.

"Lead us not into temptation,"
Is a prayer we offer up to
God Almighty, night and morning,
And, no doubt, there is some úse in it;

For, if God one single fáult has,
It 's that he 's so fond of tempting,
And from the right path seducing,
His but too confiding children.

Ah, how happy we might bé now,
What a dífferent world have óf it,
Had but Eve the Lórd's Prayer practised,
She and Adam, night and morning!

But they díd not; they had tóo much
Faith in God's own innate goodness,
To believe there could be úse in
Begging God not to mislead them.

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What the consequence, I need not
Téll those who so sorely feel it;
How successful the Creator's
Pitfall for his own creation.

Abraham too — but I suspect that
Abraham knew God was but joking,
And the joke met with a líke joke,
Didn't at all mean tó kill Isaac.

Hear the story; for yoursélves judge;
Dón't take my opinion óf it;
These are times when 'gentle, semple'
— Young and old — are all alíke wise:

Ín one óf those entertaining
Conversaziones Gód used
Now and then to hold with Abraham,
Hé 's reported to have thús said: —

"Abraham, I 've a woman's longing
For the smell of á roast chíld's flesh;
Thou 'st a son — a loved son — Isaac;
Kill and roast, and let me sméll him.

"Since I first smelt Abel's róast lamb,
I have loved the smell of róast meat;
But I hear, of all roast méats there 's
None so savory smells as róast child."

"Lord," said Abraham, "be not angry,
But if thou to chíld's flesh takest,
How am I henceforth to know thee
Different from Baal and Chemosh?"

"Answer me this, first," replied God;
"Why mayn't Í be Abraham's Gód still,
Though I choose to treat my nostrils,
Thís once, to a sniff of róast child?

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"It 's not in itself a thíng 's right,
But it 's right because God dóes it,
Or, which comes much to the sáme thing,
Right because God bids it bé done.

"To be sure, to kill and róast a
Child, is murder, in your láw's eye,
And to kill and roast one's ówn child,
Worse than murder, twenty tímes worse;

"But the case is changed when Gód bids,
And — to quote a tongue, beforehand,
I 'll, one day, deal múch in — Deus
Est justificationi.

"Then to kill and roast your ówn child,
Proves not only your obedience,
But your righteousness and faith and
Firm conviction óf God's goodness,

"Ánd that God shall not in váin ask
You, his servant, tó do fór him
Thát which those who worship Baal and
Chemosh, cheerfully for thém do.

"Up! make haste! and on the mountain
Í shall show thee in Moriah,
Kill and roast thy lóved son, Isaac;
High the mountain, and the sméll will

"Reach to heaven, and glad my nostrils,
Ánd I will remember Abraham,
Ánd according to my promise,
Bléss, and make a gréat man óf him."

Further answer Abraham máde none
— Abraham was, you know, a wíse man —
Bút his áss got, and his són took,
And the wood, and twó men, wíth him.

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Ánd set out and, on the thírd day,
To the foot, came, of the mountain
God had told him of, and léft there
Both the donkey and the twó men,

Ánd said tó them: — "Here abide ye,
While my son and I go higher
Up the mountain, God to worship;
Worship over, we will cóme back,

"Wíth the blessing of the Gód who
Hates a lie as he loves Abraham,
And has sworn to bless the whóle earth
In my son, my lóved son, Isaac."

Thís said, Abraham took the wóod and
Bound it on the back of Isaac,
And went up the mountain wíth him,
Knífe in óne hand, fire in the other.

"Thére 's one thíng we have forgot," said
Isaac simply, as they wént up;
"Here 's the knife, the wood, the kindling;
But the lamb, papa, where ís it?"

"God is good, my son," said Abraham,
"Ánd will wíth a lamb provide us."
"Is it good in God," said Isaac,
"To provide a lamb for killing?

"Doesn't it hurt the pretty lamb to
Cut its throat with á great, shárp knife?
God is nót good, or he wóuld not
Even so much as lét you kill it."

"Every thing is good that Gód does,
Ór bids do," said Abraham, drily;
"Here 's the place;" and, wíth the wórd, the
Wood untied from Isaac's shoulder,

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Ánd, with Isaac's help, an altar
Built of sods and stones, and ón it
Laid the wood, and on the wóod laid,
Hand and foot bound — hís son Isaac.

You have heard how Agamemnon
Could not bear to look upón the
Spouting héart's blood of his daughter,
But his face wrapped ín his mantle,

While intó Iphigenía's
Báred breast Calchas plunged the dagger —
Ah, faint-hearted Agamemnon!
Weak as hís own potsherd idols.

Abraham, servant of the trúe God,
Has a different heart, and ín his
Ówn hand takes the knife and lífts high,
Ánd is in the act of striking,

When — blessed, lucky chance for Isaac —
God remembers, on a sudden,
Thát it 's in the seed of Isaac,
He has sworn to bless the whóle earth,

Ánd calls down from heaven: — "Stop, Abraham;
Thóu hast done enough to please me;
Wíth the ánimus God 's contented,
Doesn't require the actual murder.

"That thou 'rt faithful, thou hast wéll proved,
And in future to be trusted
Tó do this, or more than thís, if
Need require it, in my service.

"Therefore Í will multiplý thee,
Greatly bless and multiplý thee,
As the sand upon the séa shore,
As the stars of heaven, in number."

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Abraham stopped and looked about, and
Saw a ram caught ín the thicket
By its horns, and went and took it
— Thére was no policeman near him —

And upon the altar killed and
Roasted it, in place of Isaac,
Ánd God pút up wíth the sméll of
Roasted ram, instead of róast child's.

So the sacrifice went ón well;
God was pleased and so was Abraham;
And, when all was over, Isaac
Wiped his eyes, and whimpered "Ámen!"

Ánd that sáme hour God determined,
— Shóuld he ever be so happy
Ás to have a son born tó him,
Ánd that son, by góod luck, túrn out

Tó be óf so gentle nature
As in áll things to submit him,
Unresisting, uncomplaining,
Tó his father's will and pleasure —

Nót, indeed, to take the knife in-
-Tó his ówn hand, Ahraham fashion,
— Foolish people might an outcry
Raise against so high-flown virtue —

But into the hands deliver
Of his ministers, to kill and
Offer up, as á sin offering,
On the altar of his father: —

"So shall all the world acknowledge,"
Sáid God to himself, complacent,
"Better father there was never
Than myself, excepting Abraham;

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"Nor, to horrid Moloch, ever
Offered in the vale of Tophet,
Purer or more spotless victim
Than I 've offered to mysélf up;

"Wíth whose guiltless blood I 'll sméar the
Shárp edge of my sword of justice,
Wíth whose guiltless blood I 'll quénch the
Seething of my furious anger;

"Wíth whose guiltless blood I 'll wásh the
Stains out of his guilty brethren;
Wíth whose guiltless blood I 'll sprinkle
The repentent, contrite sinner."

Thús God to himself, while Abraham
Wént, with Isaac, down the mountain,
Ánd the áss found, and the twó men,
Waiting for him where he had léft them.

"Só the master has brought the lád back,
After worship, as he promised;"
Whispered, as they went along, one
Of the twó men to his comrade.

"To be sure!" replied his comrade,
Whispering back; "Why mayn't the master
Téll truth sometimes — by mistake, or
When a lie won't serve his purpose?"

"True or false," still ín a whisper,
Said the first of the two speakers,
"Sure as Father Abraham 's ín it,
Thére 's a trick in it, top or bottom."

"Old Time 's curious, and will fínd out,
If he can," replied the other,
"And is honest and will truly,
Good or bad, tell what he fínds out."

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So they whispered on the wáy home,
Abraham's twó men, tittle tattle;
And you may be sure that Isaac,
When he gót home, wasn't quite silent;

But no matter whether ít was
Isaac blabbed or Time that fóund out,
You 've the story as I héard it;
Not one word of it 's my invention.

ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, June 17, 1859.

NEMESIS.

"CURSE on tobacco for a filthy weed!
— Once in his life our royal James had right,
And dubbed tobacco prince of filthy weeds —
Filthy to touch, taste, smell, or have to dó with,
Filthy to see, come near, or even so much
As thínk of. Execrated be thy name,
Jean Nicot, with Robespierre's and Marat's,
And his, who first out of the kindly grape
Extracted the fell poison alcoholic!"
As thus I said, preluding, and the shell
Began to tingle to my touch indignant,
My daughter stopped me sudden: — "You 're on fire,
Papa!" she cried, and brushed with rapid hand
The sparks off, and the burning lappet shook,
Terrified; for, absorbed and off my guard,
I had stood too near the smouldering hempen rope
Which, at the door of the tobacconist
Whose wares had roused my spirit, dangling hung
Ready to light the customer's cigar,
And my light over-coat had taken fire.
I recognised the hand of Nemesis,
And threw away the plectrum, and walked thoughtful

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Home to my inn *chez* Gaultier in St. Gilles
Les Boucheries, Departement du Gard,
In France, and passed a sleepless, tossing night,
And humbled rose next morning and to church
Went with the earliest, and sang loud his praise,
Who for Man's use made anacondas, boas,
Fleas, lice, and chigoés, vampyres and — tobacco.

Walking from St. Gilles Les Boucheries, to Arles, Jan. 2, 1861.

TO A QUAKER FRIEND,

ON BEING INFORMED THAT HE HAD LET HIS BEARD GROW.

Beard on a quaker! That 's a forward step.
Now over Credo's fence with one brave leap;
Break the preserve and range the forest free,
And taste how sweet the grass of liberty:
To be a man, dare; leave to priests their fudge,
And reason thou, see, hear, and feel and judge.
Never made Christian faith, or faith of Jew,
A nobler spirit, heart more warm and true,
Or purer hands, than his who let one day
Without a good work done pass sad away.
Never more ruthless ruffian than our own
Harry the Eighth spread terror from a throne.
Nero and Harry! the chief difference is:
A parricide that, a wife-beheader this;
That, an adulterer; this, to clear his bed
For the fresh bride, chopped off the stale bride's head;
That, Pater Patriae and chief Pontifex;
This, Church's head, and Dei gratia Rex;
Both persecutors; that, to tigers threw;
With slow fire, this, or ax and headsman, slew:
Monsters alike, what matters it one jot,
Which had the faith of Christ, and which had not?

Casa Cartoni, ai Cavalleggieri, Leghorn, April 8, 1861.

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THE HOUSE THAT ZEUS BUILT.

Zeus built his house as well as he was able,
But, finding out soon it was far from stable,
Sent for a mason, bade him take a prop
And shore it up, too heavy at the top.
The mason wórked well, though he was a Jew,
Shored up the house, and made it look like new.
Such is the reason, I hear people say,
The house that Zeus built to the present day
Has lasted, and seems likely to last long,
Though deuced unsteady when the wind blows strong.

Casa Cartoni, ai Cavalleggieri, Leghorn, April 8, 1861.

INVOCATION

OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN,

MATILDA OF EISLEBEN.

"Blasphemia blasphemiarum religio."

Avaunt! I know ye not, ye vulgar saints,
Saint John the Evangelist, Matthew, Mark and Luke,
And Mary Magdalen and John the Baptist,
And all ye small fry of the calendar,
Who, to sustain life, needed common air,
And day and night spent decompounding gases,
And made a chemist's workshop of your lungs,
And come, blessed lady mother, of Eisleben,
Matilda, come! suppose in me a Dante,
And be my friend and guide and intercessor,
Thou, who breath'dst not the atmosphere but drewest
Out of God's heart thy breath, even as a bellows

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Opening and shutting draws into its void
The kitchen air, and puffs into the fire.

Hear, hear my prayer, Matilda! thou to whom
The Lord so much told about Origen,
Samson and Titus and wise Solomon.
Of Origen the Lord said: — "Ask me not;
That is a secret I will not divulge,
Lest men presume again upon their genius."
Of Samson said the Lord: — "What I have done
With Samson's soul, I 'll never tell to mortal,
That men henceforth may have a wholesome dread
Of giving way to that bad passion, vengeance."
"Ask me not," said the Lord, "what I have done
With Titus' blameless soul; I 'll keep that close,
Lest foolish men should take 't into their heads
There 's small good in religion and I might
As well have left them pagans to the end,
And saved myself and them a lot of trouble.
And as to what I did with Solomon,
The great and wise king of the Jews, I 'm dumb,
And never a word will tell for love or money,
Lest men should set their hearts on carnal pleasures,
And seek in worldly greatness their chief good."

Hear, hear, Matilda! thou for whom God's heart
Opened, received thee in, and closed again,
And thou wert one with the eternal God,
And drank'st his blood, and breath'dst his breath divine,
And wert to him a bride, and he to thee
A joyful bridegroom who with the Holy Spirit
Filled thee to overflowing, and with love's
Warm mantle covered thee and wrapped thee round,
Thee and himself wrapped round, and ye were one.

Hear, hear, Matilda! thou who sawest the wheel
Revolving from the left hand to the right
Within God's heart; and from God's heart and wheel
A cord to Man's heart reaching; and the wheel
Within Man's heart, that to the right hand turns,

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Following the wheel within the heart of God.
Whiz, whiz they go, harmonious; you would swear
They are two spinning-wheels two maidens ply,
Each with a foot, beside the cabin door,
Each humming the same tune and keeping time.
But, all at once, the wheel within Man's heart
A fit takes, and stops short, and to the left
With sudden whir turns, and goes whirring left
As fast as ever it went whirring right,
And strains the cord, and drags God's wheel and heart,
Even as the capstan, turning, drags the anchor;
And who knows what had happened, had the cord
Not, happily, been weak and snapped in twain,
And down fell Man, wheel, heart, and one half cord,
Leaving God there a little foolish-looking,
But not one whit the worse, and fully bent
To fish all up again, some time or other,
And splice the cord, and set the wheel a-going
With his own wheel once more, from left to right.

Matilda, hail! who on Ascension Day,
When thou hadst stood two hours in thy cuculla,
Silent, and meditating on the cross
Which in the middle of the cloister court
Beside the well stood, look'dst into the water,
And sawest that thy cuculla was a cross
— Its hood, the top; its two long sleeves, the arms;
Its skirt, the standard; — and from that day forth
Hadst ever in thy cell upon the wall
The cross of thy cuculla — at full length
Hung up, with hood extended and both sleeves —
And when thou walkedst out, walk'dst in the cross,
Fearless, even though thy way lay over tombs
Or past the bone-house; and no cold felt'st ever,
Though in the cloister court five foot of snow;
Nor sweatedst, though the sun glowed from the solstice.

Matilda, hail! who in an ecstasy,
The Feast of the Conception, sawest God's heart

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Thrown open, and a lovely maid inside
Tapping incessant with a diamond ring,
Incessant tapping, the firm heart of God,
Askedst her who she was, and hadst for answer: —
"I am the same who with this diamond ring
Kept tap, tap, tapping here till forth the babe
Came, perfect to the nails: I am the same
Who, on a beam of light, down to the Mother
Slid with the Father's son: I am the same
Who, when — some nine months after — he was born,
Covered his nakedness with swaddling clothes
And laid him in the manger; brought him, then,
Into, and out of, Egypt, and — for Man's
Dear sake and to atone God's righteous wrath —
Punished him guiltless, persecuted, tortured,
And at last nailed upon the bloody cross:
My name is Love — Divine Love — bless my name."
And thou saidst to the maiden: — "Tap my heart
Once with thy diamond ring." and Love thy heart
Tapped, as thou bad'st, and thy hard heart grew soft,
And thou wept'st tears of pity and of love,
— Pity and love for Man, and love for God,
And love and pity for God in the flesh —
And knelt'st down, and a vow mad'st, on the spot,
To ascend, up to its very top, the high,
Rarely ascended Mountain of the Virtues.
And thou saidst to the maiden: — "Once again
Tap with thy diamond ring this hard, hard heart."
And she did so, and faster flowed thy tears
And wet thy scapular and mantle's hem,
And to thy sighs and sobs there was no end,
Till a winged cherub brought the amber box
In which the tears of seraphim are stored,
When they weep tears of pity for fallen Man,
And held it to thine eyes and caught seven drops,
And said: — "Thy tears with seraphim's are stored."
And thou wast comforted, and wept'st no more;
For though the tear stood in thine eye a while,

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'Twas but to form Hope's rainbow with the ray,
Fell on it from the smile of Love Divine.

All hail, Matilda! thou who on Palm Sunday,
Reflecting on the works which our dear Lord
Christ Jesus had done for us in the flesh,
Beganst to wonder what sort of a supper
Martha and Mary had provided fór him,
The night he was so kind to sup with them
In Bethany; and straight wast there in spirit,
And in a little boudoir sawest the Lord
Seated at table, and by Martha only
Attended, and with savory venison served,
And dates and olives and old Jordan wine,
Whilst Mary at his side, with net in hand,
Stood catching, and in gold-wire cage confining,
The words, which, in the shape of nightingales,
Out of his mouth at intervals were flying.
And when the Lord asked why thou hadst no net,
Saidst, "See, I have one." and in thy gown's folds
Caughtest a nightingale, and in thy bosom
Mad'st a warm nest for it of love and hope,
And fedst it with soft emmet eggs of faith.
And lo! the nightingale began to sing,
And thou sang'st with it, and the Lord beat time: —
BEATI, QUORUM TECTA SUNT PECCATA.
And all the nightingales in Mary's cage
Joined with thy nightingale, and Mary joined
And Martha, and in one loud chorus sang: —
BEATI, QUORUM TECTA SUNT PECCATA.

Virgin Matilda, hail! who, step by step,
With cockle veil, and pilgrim staff in hand,
Ascendedst the high Mountain of the Virtues
Even to the top, above the sun and moon
And firmament; and there beheld'st the Lord
Standing alone, in dazzling raiment white,
And fell'st down at his feet, and worshippedst.
And the Lord welcomed thee with outstretched hand,

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And took thee tó walk with him on the broad
And grassy summit, in the cool, fresh air,
And when thou saidst he did thee too much honor,
Answered, no honor was too great for one
Who had come so far, and neither time nor pains
Spared to arrive at that, it must be owned,
Out-of-the-way and inconvenient place.
So thou consentedst, and went'st with the Lord,
Enjoying the wide prospect, and to a house
Camest soon of polished silver, shining bright
Like the full moon upon a summer's night;
And shoals of little children round the house
In all the courts and pleasure-grounds were playing
Hide-and-go-seek, and Tom-fool-in-the-middle,
And blind-man's-buff, and various other games.
And when thou ask'dst the Lord why weren't the children
At school, learning their lessons, the Lord said: —
"These children died before the age of five;
Before the age of five there is no knowledge;
Until there 's knowledge there can be no sin:
Therefore these children's happiness is perfect,
And one perpetual holiday is theirs.
Books, little used in heaven, were to these children
Useless, or worse; sure means of gaining knowledge,
And knowledge is the harbinger of sin."
And when thou ask'dst the Lord: — "Will these sweet children
Always remain so, or will they grow up
To full-sized angels?" the Lord smiled and said: —
"Thou shouldst know better than to ask such question.
Growth there is none in heaven; how could there be,
Unless, indeed, in heaven there were decay?
Such as thou seest them now, so tiny small,
So young, so happy, and so innocent,
These little children shall remain for ever,
The Lord's own special care and chief delight,
Models to copy even for full-sized angels."
Then, going further on, thou sawest a house
Of burnished gold, with precious gems so bright
Thou might'st as well gaze at the midday sun;

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And to thy question, who lived in that house,
Receiv'dst for answer, 'twas his Mother's house,
And, when thine eyes were to the light accustomed,
He 'd bring thee in, and introduce thee tó her;
At present, she requested thine acceptance
Of the gold crucifix and chain of gold
He hung about thy neck. And thou saidst tó him: —
"Thou know'st, Lord! I have nothing but my heart
To give thee and thy Mother, in return
For these rare gifts." and the Lord said: — "We know.
Let us thine héart have, and we 'll dwell in it,
Happier than in a gold or silver house
All over set with jewels." and thou saidst: —
"Enter, O Lord! into the unworthy house,
And dwell there always, and thy Mother with thee."
And the Lord and his Mother, that same day,
Entered thy heart and dwelt in it thenceforward,
And all went smooth and easy, as a key
Turns in a well-oiled spring-and-tumbler lock,
For the Lord's Mother found the house, though small,
Convenient, and the Lord had close at hand
The window of thy mouth to teach and préach from.
And, lest into the Golden House, now vacant,
Should slip some evil Spirit, unobserved,
As erst into our earthly Paradise
Slipped unobserved the author of our woe,
The care to guard it 's given to Ursula
And th' Eleven Thousand Martyrs of Cologne
Whose virgin blood made Rhine's broad stream run red;
And the Lord put into the hand of each
A lance with lightning tipped, and bade them go,
Without more arms, and night and day take care,
For his dear Mother's sake and for his own,
That nothing evil to that house came near,
Even in the shape of seraph. And they went
And, as the Lord bade, round the house patrolled;
And Ursula herself slept in the house,
The Moor king's daughter, and six golden lamps
Kept all night burning, and six tall wax candles

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In candlesticks of gold; and heard the tread
Of th' Eleven Thousand Martyrs of Cologne
— Whose blood and hers had made broad Rhine run red —
Patrolling, and the watchwords interchanged;
And through the curtains saw the lightnings flash
And quiver on their spear points; and rejoiced,
And knew there was no fear of harm that night,
And said her Ave Mary, and slept sound.

Hail, hail, Matilda! thou for whom the Lord,
One Sunday morning as thou sang'st the Asperges,
In fúll choir, in the chapel, with the nuns,
Opened his héart's door, and thou enter'dst in:
And lo! the Lord inside, with watering pot,
Watering his vines with water from the river
Which through the vineyard flowed from east to west,
The River of his Love, with góld fish gay,
And planted on each side with shady trees.
And the Lord's feet and legs, up to the knees,
Were bare, and round his head a glory shone,
And in his belt was stuck his pruning hook.
And the Lord said to thee: — "Matilda, come
And water with me." and thou took'st a can
And fill'dst it at the River of his Love,
And at his side went'st watering the vines.
And the Lord said: — "This vineyard is my Church,
And every vine, a soul." and thou saidst: — "Lord,
Why are these plants here sickly, and those there
Lying uprooted?" and the Lord said: — "Ah!
The drought has done this, and an enemy
Who through the hedge steals oft-times in the night,
And for sheer wickedness uproots my plants."
And thóu saidst, "Buíld a wáll, Lord!" and the Lord
Said, as he went on watering: — "'Twere a high
And strong and well built wall would keep him out."
And thou saidst, as thou water'dst: — "Build it well
And strong and high, and spike it on the top;
For it goes to my very heart to see
This wide-spread havoc here among thy vines."

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And the Lord said: — "The owner of the yard
Than thou knows better; we will leave 't to Him."
And the Lord saw thy face and hands were soiled,
And reprimanded thee, and bade thee go
And wash them in the river; and thou went'st
And washedst face and hands and scrubb'dst them clean,
And joyful hasten'dst back to show the Lord
How clean the River of his Love had made them —
But he was gone, and all the vines were watered;
So thou returnedst to the nuns and chapel,
Without being missed, and, taking up the stave
Where thou hadst dropped it, sang'st the ASPERGES out,
And no one was the wiser but the Lord.

Hear me, Matilda! thou who to the Lord
Saidst, when the priest was burying the cross,
According to the custom, one Good Friday,
And thou wast in a vision with the Lord,
In the Nuns' Gallery opposite the altar: —
"O Lord, beloved of my soul! I wish
This heart within me were a silver shrine,
That thou might'st worthily be buried in it."
And the Lord answered thee and said: — "Nay, nay;
Thou shalt in me, not I in thee, be buried.
Above, below, within thee I will be,
Before, behind, on every side of thee:
Above thee I will be sweet Hope and Joy,
To lift thee upward; under thee I 'll be
A rock immovable of Strength and Courage;
Before thee I 'll be Love, enticing on;
Behind thee Zeal, impelling forward, forward;
Within, with Life I 'll fill thee; on thy left,
With Praise confirm, and to good works incite, thee;
And on thy right, into the Promised Land
A Bridge be, for thee, over Jordan's flood."
And thou saidst to the Lord: — "I 'd fain even now,
Before we leave this Gallery of the Nuns,
At once be buried." and the Lord said: — "See!
Here in my heart of hearts thou art already

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Before-hand buried." and thou look'dst, and sawest
The chamber of the Lord's heart lit inside
With tall wax tapers, and with black cloth hung,
And, in the midst, a coffin on a bier
And, at the bier's four corners, four faïr cherubs
Standing with folded wings and holding up,
Each with one hand, a corner of the pall,
And black-stoled Benedictine Sisters strewing
The pall with lilies; and the crypt door open,
And torches flaring round a new-sunk grave,
And figures flitting dim; and from the choir
Thou heard'st the chaunting of the De profundis.
And lo! while still thou look'dst, the cherubs spread
Their wings out and soared upward, bearing with them
The pall, and, on the pall as on a bed
Lying, amid the lilies, just awaked,
A nun full dressed in Benedictine habit,
Clasping, and to her breast with crossed hands pressing,
An ivory crucifix, and thou knew'st thy soul,
And fell'st down in a trance at the Lord's feet;
And the nuns took thee up and carried thee
Out of the chapel with small signs of life,
And laid thee on thy bed, and gave thee wine,
And chafed with vinegar thy hands and temples
Till by degrees thou camest to thyself,
And sát'st up, and beganst to eat and drink,
And to take comfort thou wert still alive.

Deign, deign, Matilda! thou who to the wound
Made in the Lord's foot by the cruel nail,
Thine ear laid'st, one Ash Wednesday morning early,
Ere thou hadst broken fast or spoken word,
And, hearing in it, plain, a bubbling sound,
As of a pot that boiled upon the fire,
Askedst the Lord what meant that bubbling sound,
As of a boiling pot, inside his foot.
And the Lord said: — "That bubbling, boiling sound
Thou hear'st within my foot, says *run, run, run;*
And with like bubbling, boiling sound the love

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Within my heart kept crying *run, run, run,*
And *run, run, run* kept crying, and no rest
From preaching, teaching, minist'ring allówed me,
And working miracles, till to an end
I had brought my task, and wrought out thy salvation."
And thóu saidst to the Lord: — "I 'd fain mine ear
Put to thy wounded hand." and the Lord said: —
"Put thine ear to my hand." and thou didst so,
And, in the wound made by the cruel nail,
A sound heard'st as of hammering on an anvil,
And ask'dst the Lord what meant that hammering sound.
And the Lord said: — "That hammering sound 's my WORD,
Which shall cease never, day and night, to hammer,
Until the iron heart of unbelief
Is softened in the Heathen, and not Three
Kings only from the Éast come, but all kings,
From north and south and east and west come crowding,
To lay their treasures at the Saviour's feet."
And thóu saidst to the Lord: — "Be not displeased
If I would fain mine ear lay to thy side
Where it was wounded by the cruel spear."
And the Lord bade thee, and thou laid'st thine ear
To the spear wound and listen'dst, and a sound
Heard'st, as it were of a loud clanging trumpet,
Startling and shrill though distant; and thou drewest
Thy héad back, terrified, and ask'dst the Lord
What meant that dreadful clarion, which thine ear
So made to tingle and thy blood run cold.
And the Lord bade thee nót fear, but thine ear
Lay to, again, and listen; and thou dídst so,
And heard'st a sound as if the sea were breaking,
With all its waves at once, upon one shore;
Or as if, down high Himalaya's side,
The accumulated snows of all the years
The world has lasted or shall ever last,
In one stupendous avalanche were falling;
And had the Lord not with his finger touched
Thine ear, its drum had broken, and thou hadst never
Heard sóund more: and thou knew'st it was the Last

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Trumpet, thou hadst heard, and Rising of the Dead.
And, for two whole days after, thou wast deaf
And lay'st in bed, and on the third day, first,
Thy foot sett'st to the ground, then first assured
'Twas steady, and, though on the very eve
Of its last labour, not in the actual throes,
And, for a day or two, might hold together.

Matilda, come! come thou to whom the Lord
Imparted by the laying on of hands
— Of his most pure and holy hands on thine,
Thumb on thumb laid, and finger laid on finger,
And palm on palm — the power to work and do
As he had worked and done, here, in the flesh:
To whom the Lord, his eyes on thine eyes laying,
The gift of tears imparted and repentance;
Laying his ears on thine, the gift to hear
Rebuke with patience and no word retort;
Laying on thine his rosy lips, the gift
To preach and pray and minister and teach,
And magnify in all men's ears his name;
And — last, best gift of all — to thy cold heart
His throbbing heart applying, pressed and pressed
Till thou grew'st warm with love, and took'st, like wax
Softened before the fire, the seal's impression.
Thou, thou who, when the Lord was fain to léave thee,
Criedst: "Náy; not yét, Lord!" and laid'st hold on him,
Even as the wife of Potiphar on Joseph,
And clung'st to him and wouldst not let him go;
And took'st thy harp and play'dst on it, and sang'st: —
MANE, O MANE, DOMINE, NOBISCUM;
MANE NOBISCUM, DOMINE, REX GLORIAE!
And the Lord turned about to thee and said,
"Look in mine eyes." and thou look'dst in his eyes,
And he in thine looked, and thou sawest thyself
In the Lord's eyes as in a looking-glass;
And light from thine eyes passed into the Lord's,
And from the Lord's eyes light passed into thine,
As from one looking-glass into another

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The sun's rays are reflected back and forward.
And the Lord raised his voice and VENI, sang,
VENI, AMICA MEA! and thou sang'st
DOMINE! VENIO. and thy voice became
One with the Lord's, though different the words;
And angels brought and set upon thy head
A golden crown, all glittering bright with jewels,
And knelt, and tuned their opal harps, and sang
The praises of the crowned bride of the Lord.

Thou comest not, thou hearest not my prayer,
Blessed Matilda, Lady of Eisleben!
For with the Lord thou hast gone into the desert,
Arm in arm walking, in sweet confidence,
And lighting there upon a pleasant spot,
Shady and fresh, and gay with various flowers,
At sheep-and-shepherd playest with the Lord,
He sitting on a bank, thou browsing near,
And with gold collar and a chain of gold
Linked to a golden eyelet in his heart,
And kept from straying. In his breast 's a rose,
Blushing, full blown, with five sweet-smelling petals,
— Emblems of SEEING, HEARING, TASTING, SMELLING,
And TOUCHING; the five lifeguards of the flesh —
His crook lies at his side, and, on his pipe,
He plays airs so delicious I don't bláme thee
Thou hear'st not, heed'st not, com'st not to mine aid,
Blessed Matilda, Lady of Eisleben!

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, April 6, 1861.]

MAN, of all animals, has the strongest faith
And weakest reason,
For, of all animals, Man alone believes
Against plain reason.

[GIRSCH, BOHEMIA, Aug. 16, 1860.]

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LIVE, while thou liv'st; and, when thou com'st to die,
Bow graceful, and retire without a sigh.
Thou hast played thy part; let those who ring thy knell
Settle, among them, whether ill or well;
It 's their concern, not thine; for praise and blame,
And ill and well, are to the dead the same,
And alike brave, magnanimous and just
Are dead Achilles and Thersites' dust.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, March 9, 1861.]

"NEXT time you 're making a great world," to God
Said Satan once, still smarting from the rod,
"Let me but have some hand in it, and some will,
And, I 'll be bound, 'twill not turn out so ill."
"Who spoiled my first world?" cried Omnipotence:
"I thought till now, even devils had some sense."
"Nay, don't be angry, sire," said Satan, mild,
"Nor quite the heart break of your once loved child;
I own my error; but the question 's not
Who was it sent your first made world to pot,
But why it was so badly put together
That, like a ship which, in mere stress of weather,
Goes to the bottom far from shoal or rock,
It foundered, helpless, in the first blast's shock.
So, what do you think, if, next time, you and I
Would put together our two heads, and try
Whether we can't between us make a man
Of better stuff than Adam? there 's a plan

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Strikes me just now, that with both heaven and hell
Dispenses, and perhaps might answer well."
"Out with it, quick," said God, "for, thrown away
On me, good hint was never: when men pray
I always listen, and a wise suggestion
Thus pick up, sometimes, on a knotty question;
Rarely, however; for it 's sad to say
How oft they cheat me, even when they pray.
But upon you I think I may rely,
Though fallen, an angel born, and of the sky
And this high court of mine permitted guest,
And free to mingle with the first and best
When I hold levee, or in starry hall
Dinner official give, or fancy ball.
Out with your plan then, bold." "It 's simply this,
Wise sire," said Satan; "take it not amiss:
We 'll to our joint work not the choice leave free,
To stand or fall; it was that liberty
— Not I, who bade him use it — your man spoiled,
And all his Maker's kind intentions foiled.
We 'll make our man what wé choose, choose, and be
Our humble servant — not his servants, we.
You to be God ceased, when you delegated
Your royal privilege, and were soon checkmated.
Our man we 'll make choose not to fall but stand,
And do in all things just as we command.
Fie! it 's below the dignity of God
To keep a school and govern with the rod."
"Egad! you 're right," said God, "my clever Sat;
Wasn't I a blockhead, not to think of that!
Give me your hand: our new man chooses free,
Or thinks he chooses, while, behind backs, we
Inspire his free choice and our sovereignty
Maintain intact." So said, they parted, friends;
And here, at last, my truthful story ends.
Some add that God slept little all that night
Thinking of Satan till the dawning light,
And how not through his ówn fault Adam fell,
And should by no means have been sent to hell,

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And then and there his mind made up, some time
Or other, to take on himself the crime
He had himself occasioned, and to die
In proper person or by deputy,
And so his sense of justice satisfy —
Oddly enough, methinks the reader says,
And I say too; but, in those ancient days,
Nothing more common was than something odd
Done, or intended to be done, by God.

[Walking from Leghorn to Torre di Calafuria, March 6, 1861.]

LIFE'S MINUTES.

A minute — and a minute — and a minute —
Until the last; and then — "What then?" Why, nothing;
Unless, indeed, last minute 's not last minute,
And what 's come to an end is not yet ended.

WORLD'S MINUTES.

A minute — and a minute — and a minute —
Until the last; and then — "What then?" Why, nothing;
What except nothing can come after last
Minute, not come while anything exists?
For time is but a property of thing,
— Belongs to thing, like number or extension —
Or, if you please, a mode of viewing thing,
An aspect under which things are compared,
And dies away and vanishes, with thing.

[Casa Cartoni, ai Cavalleggieri, Leghorn, March 15, 1861.]

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"VOX populi vox dei." To be sure!
For, be Gods many, few, or only one,
They are the people's making — made, to make
Them and the world, and do their will supreme.
Woe, woe betide the God who dares rebel!
Ask Jove, Jehovah ask, if I 'm not right;
After a hundred ages more, ask Christ.

[MILAN, June 8, 1861.]

GENUS HOMO.

MAN, I 've heard say — no matter by whom said
A say so vain — is but a wiser ape,
Made of same flesh and blood; one of the vast
Fraternity of living, sentient beings
Which on this twirling ball are born and die,
And dust with dust mix undistinguishable,
Material for new beings evermore.
But I 'll describe the ford as I have found it,
Filling the blanks of my experience up
With reference now and then to th' Authorized
Statistical Society Report:

Man 's a ten-fingered, ten-toed, tailless biped,
With toothless, gummy jaws till six months old,
And scarce at two full years old able first
To express by other means than cries and sobs
The wants of the intelligent, etherial,
Immortal spirit which within him dwells,
Hid, no one knows exactly how or where

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Or for what purpose, but within him hid
Undoubtedly, and some day to break forth
Glorious, unveiled, in all its native beauty
Unspeakable, and dwell for ever more
With seraphs, and the praises sing of God.
In the mean time he 's flogged at school, and learns
To spell and read, perhaps, and add up Pounds
Shillings and Pence, and home by dear Mamma
At Christmas brought, or Easter, has outgrown
— Prodigious! — in the short space of six months,
By five full finger-breadths his corduroys,
And must get new, or be the laughing-stock,
After the holidays, of the whole school.
And has not the etherial germ within,
Enlarged in like proportion? learned to play
At odd-and-even, rob a blackbird's nest
Or magpie's, in the season, and despise
As idle bugbears, fit to frighten fools,
The dangers of a midnight escapade
Into the vicar's orchard, though the way
Lies past the church and through the church-yard straight?

So pass two lustrums and one half the third;
The other half the third and all the fourth
Are scarce enough to humanize a little,
And fine with Greek and Latin down, the spirit,
Divine indeed, but barbarous still and coarse,
And little fit for office or profession
Civil or military, or to sit
In either House and win respect and honor.
So praised be Greek and Latin, although hard,
And Mathematics; enemies, to the death,
Of gambling, betting, cockfighting, horse-racing,
Drinking, tobacco-smoking, handicapping,
And all the ruder instincts of the fine,
Delicate, etherial, heaven-descended spirit.
Cruel the war, and with like bravery waged
On either side, and varying success;
And many a laurel 's won on either side,

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And many a sad reverse comes unexpected.
But help 's to one side near; for, with the fifth
Revolving lustrum, Thirst of Gold accursed,
And, more accursed still, Thirst of Domination
Make with their cognate Instincts common cause,
And Greek and Latin, routed, quit the field
And in entrenched forts hide, with Mathematics;
And th' Instincts' banner floats upon the breeze,
Victorious; and the Instincts' legion shout,
Rending the sky, with Io-paeans shakes
Heaven's palaces, and indecorous stuns
With gratitude uproarious the Gods' ears.

Our heaven-descended animal at ease
Passes the next five lustrums, for the field,
Once won, is by the Instincts held tenacious,
And his whole body and whole soul are theirs,
And Interest rules the roast, and Toil and Pleasure
Divide the man between them, and he grows
Stooped, by degrees, and stiff, and hoary haired,
And dim of vision, and of hearing dull;
And rich or poor as Fortune throws the dice,
Capricious; and from lustrum into lustrum
Slides gradual — sighing, and sore discontent
To see heaven, every day, a whole day nearer:
Ah! why so soon, for unknown, empty ether,
Must this familiar ball of earth, delicious,
So firm and so substantial, be exchanged?
Ah! why not here the immortal spirit fill
Its years unnumbered, up, as well as yonder?
Why must it writhe and wriggle, into two
By Death cut — like a snake by a cart-wheel?
No matter; lustrums come and lustrums go,
And every one away upon its wing
Takes with it sóme part, fractional or whole,
Of our compounded animal and spirit:
Teeth by half dozens, tresses by whole handfuls,
The ruby of the lips, the cheek's red rose,
The soft, white, shining satin of the skin,

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The light, elastic step, the pliant joint,
The tense and vigorous muscle, and — worse rape —
The solid judgment, vivid memory clear,
The lively joke, the ready repartee,
Mirth, joy, and hope, and Bacchus and Dione.

And so into his dreaded fifteenth lustrum,
Or his sixteenth perhaps, goes hobbling on,
Not without stick's or crutch's aid, or both,
Our scion of the Gods, our imp divine,
Our intellectual, spiritual biped
Omnivorous — omnivorous, I mean,
While he has teeth, for sago is his food,
These long years past, and jelly, and soft meats,
And, to assist his gummy, ill-matched jaws,
He carries in his pouch an apple-scoop;
A wig defends his bald pate from the flies;
Bleared are his eyes, and from his livid nose
Distils the cléar drop: one ear 's wholly deaf;
In through a trumpet screaming to the other,
You make the immortal soul hear where she sits
Shy hid within her sanctum — make her hear,
But strive in vain to make her understand;
How can she understand, who can no longer
Reason or judge — whose memory 's not a mere
Rased tablet, but a tablet from whose surface
All new impressions vanish instantaneous?
But, sent already twice, lo! Palsy comes
Third time, and finds our spirit ripe for heaven
And angel choirs, and takes her on his wing,
And soars aloft, and on the golden threshold
Of God's court sets her down, to sing God's praise
And tune a seraph's harp for ever more,
Forgetful of the flesh, which, left behind
On earth, lies rotting and to dust returning,
Till the last trump's alarm shall raise it up
In dusty clouds and carry it to heaven,
There to renew acquaintance, and remind
Of "auld lang syne" the spirit, and, afresh

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Forming one compound with her, undergo
God's judgment on the former compound's doings.
Nor deem unjust the judgment: who art thou,
Emmet! that tak'st on thee to judge thy judge?
All judgment 's free indeed — else 'twere not judgment —
But, whilst thou hast yet to stand before the bar,
Thou 'lt, if thou 'rt wise, thy judge, if not applaud,
At least not censure — even by implication.
So not one word of pity for the spirit,
After her thousand or ten thousand years
Of separation from the encumbering body,
Again united with it, to be judged.
Hasn't she a chance, a fair chance, of acquittal?
Isn't her judge wise and merciful and good?
He won't, nay! nay! he won't if he can help it,
Send hér to hell down, who has so long enjoyed
— Provisorily indeed, but still enjoyed —
The burgher-right of heaven, and so long sung,
In unison with angel harps, his praise.
Nor word of pity venture for the dust,
After a thousand or ten thousand years,
Revivified, not on its own behoof
Or for its own good, but to be again
Exposed to peril and vicissitude,
And suffer judgment posthumous for acts
Forced on it by the spirit. Isn't its judge
As full of mercy as he 's wise and strong,
And won't he do his possible to save it
From his own righteous condemnation's pains?

Such is the genus Homo, such is Man!
Sole genus composite, of all the unnumbered
Genera that walk, fly, swim, or hop, or creep;
Sole laughing, weeping, talking, cooking genus;
Sole genus with inheritance *post mortem* —
By right, in hell; in heaven, by grace especial;
Grace, to some odd elect scores granted free,
Withheld from millions equally deserving.
Such is the genus Homo, such is Man!

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Genus aristocrat, for whose sole use
The Impartial has created all the others,
And given them to it for service or mere pastime,
Their skins for clothing and their flesh for food;
Genus *par excellence,* made in its Maker's
Image, so like, some naturalists have taken
MAKER and MADE for one and the same genus.
Such is the genus Homo! art not proud of it,
Kind, gentle, yawning, most magnanimous reader —
Far be it from me to call thee wiser ape,
And so upon my back bring two at once,
Thee, and the ape's offended dignity?

[Finished at SEEVELEN (CANTON ST. GALLEN), June 26, 1861.]

WHY I 'm not popular 's in one word told:
To lash the vices of mankind I 'm bold,
And little given their vanity to flatter;
What wonder so few like me — or what matter?
Wordsworth for most of them is good enough,
Or Moore's or Byron's ill digested stuff;
Or Bab Macaulay's lays; or touching scene
Of Hiawatha or Evangeline;
Or tale of some old clock at the stair head,
That strikes the hour as you go up to bed;
Or Idyls of the King — fit title, sure,
For laureate verses, and the ear to allure
Of condescending royalty, to hear
Notes that won't jar even on a royal ear.
It 's seldom I praise God, or anthems sing;
But when I do, it 's always for one thing:
That his good providence has so supplied
With worthless books this great world far and wide,
Readers are not compelled to have recourse
To better books for the mere lack of worse.

[Walking from SEEVELEN, CANTON ST. GALLEN, to WILDHAUS, June 26, 1861.]

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WHAT a pity Gambrinus a temple built not,
And high on the altar set up a beer-pot
With home-brewed frothing over! from Mecca and Rome
And far-famed Jerusalem the pilgrims had come,
Each one with a bottle, to bring home a drop
Of the certified tap, and set up a beer-shop;
And the old Flanders' king had all prophets out-done,
And the beer-drinker's faith, all faiths under the sun;
And I 'd been a convert, and, errors forsworn,
Nourished body and soul upon John Barleycorn,
And grown fatter, and plumper, and rounder each day,
And turned my nose up at oat-gruel and whey,
And lived till Death took me, and cared not one jot
How soon or how late. — Fellow, fill me the pot!
Fill it up! your healths, all, sirs! and aren't we in clover,
With his pipe, every one, and full pot foaming over?

[Walking from DUSSLINGEN to TÜBINGEN, July 17, 1861.]

HERE 's my faith, my chapel here,
In this foaming pot of beer;
Here I 'll live and here I 'll die,
These true words my elegy:

Whilst he lived he was a man;
Whilst he lived he loved his can;
Now he 's dead and drinks no more,
On that sad and sober shore,
Stranger, go and do as he
Living did, and merry be,
Drinking every day thy can,
A rosy, fat, kind-hearted man.

[TÜBINGEN, July 17, 1861.]

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"ALL things require a maker." To be sure!
All things within the world require a maker;
But he who argues that the world itself
Therefore requires a maker, argues vain,
Argues, that is, without *vis consequentiae,*
For, parallel to the world, we have no thing,
No second world from which to draw conclusions.
Cease, then, to talk of Maker of the world,
As if the world a thing were, in the world —
Mouse, man, or blade of grass, or stone, or clock,
Table or chair or book or warming-pan.
Enough for thee, of things within the world,
Modest, to think, and to each thing assign,
As far as in thee lies, its proper cause,
Near or remote. Beyond the world 's a blank —
Nay, less; for not with all thy wit canst thou
So much as even BEYOND THE WORLD imagine.

[Walking from MUDAU in the ODENWALD to AMORBACH, July 31, 1861.]

THE HOLY FRIAR.

WHO cheats me best, I love him most,
And do the most admire; —
'The doctor?' No. 'The lawyer?' Pshaw!
It is the holy friar.

The doctor comes and feels my pulse,
And bids me show my tongue;
Then knits his brow and shakes his head: —
"There 's surely something wrong."

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"O Doctor, Doctor, save my life;
I am a dying man:
There 's gold, there 's gold, and do for me
What art and physic can."

The lawyer comes with parchment sheet,
Behind his ear, his quill: —
"There 's gold, there 's gold, sweet Lawyer dear,
And draw for me my will."

The friar comes, and prays with me: —
"To heaven thy soul shall go."
"There 's gold, there 's gold, thou holy Friar!
Thy words me comfort so."

"I spurn thy gold," the friar replies,
"Heaven is not bought with gold;
The Church for thee wide open throws
The door of Jesus' fold;

"Confess thy sins, and enter in,
And banish doubt and fear;
Eternal joy awaits, above,
The child of sorrow here."

"Twelve acres of my fattest land
I leave the Church, in fee,
To build an abbey fair thereon,
And masses sing for me;

"Masses to sing for my soul's rest,
When I am dead and gone;
And every priest that sings a mass,
Shall have a golden crown.

"Twelve acres more I leave the prior,
And name the Church, trustee;
The third and last twelve acres shall
My children's heritage be."

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And so I die. — Who cheats me best
I love most and admire; —
'The doctor?' No. 'The lawyer?' Pshaw!
It is the holy friar.

[Walking from Aschaffenburg to Framersbach (Spessart), Aug. 4, 1861.]

QUEM CREAVIT ADORAVIT.

Quem creavit, adoravit
Pia mater;
Quem creavit, ignoravit
Catus pater;
Illum nothum, delibutum
Quinta parte
Mellis sui, ipse Deus
Segregavit,
Adoptavit, educavit,
Martyr'zavit,
E sepulchro suscitavit
Et in altum
Caeli solium, honoratum
Collocavit,
Ut piaret nostrum scelus —
Bonus Deus!
In perpetuum sit laudatum
Nomen ejus.

[Walking from Sassuolo (near Modena) to Paullo, Nov. 1, 1861.]

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LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

You say the priests deceive the people; I
Beg you 'd so kind be as to tell me why —
Why should a man play fast-and-loose with those
Who give him money, lodging, food and clothes;
Who show him honor, all his biddings do,
And at his side stand faithful still and true.

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

But they are men of learning and good sense,
And must know well, one half they say 's pretence.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Ay, to be sure! but not upon their part:
They say their lesson, like a child, by heart;
Preach what their bounden duty 'tis, to preach;
And what they are paid and fed for teaching, teach.

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

Their duty is to teach and preach what 's true.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Dear sir, excuse me; that would never do.
A man, if stout and healthy, lives, you know,
Some sixty, seventy, eighty years, or so,
But to explore and to the bottom probe
Doctrinal truth, too few the years of Job
Or old Methuselah.

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

I did never doubt
A single life too short to make truth out,
And priests must preach, or of mere hunger die;
All I require 's they do not preach a lie.

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LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Mark the dilemma: of mere hunger die
Or teach the people —

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

Only not a lie.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Mark the dilemma: of mere hunger die
Or to the people preach —

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

But not a lie.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Something they must preach, or of hunger die;
And life 's too short to find out what 's a lie
And what is truth —

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

But lives together strung
Find the truth out; it flies from tongue to tongue.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

And so we agree; the priest, not what he knows,
Preaches, or what his own clear reason shows
To be the truth, but what he has heard is true,
And dares not doubt — starvation full in view,
And, to some minds worse even than starvation,
Reproach and infamy and degradation.

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

You mean to say it 's not the priests who guide,
But to the people's tail the priests are tied.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Not to the tail tied, but set in the van
To cry "Come on!" and with old, rusty pan,
Kettle and tongs make, each, what noise he can;
As you have seen before some regiment go
A band of music, to inspire the slow,
And regulate the step — not point the way —
Each fife and drum in quarter-master's pay.

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

All true, it must be owned; but how is it, then,
Ever a Luther rises amongst men?

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LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

Some bran new crotchet, whispered not avowed,
Finds here and there odd converts in the crowd;
A party 's formed; a party needs a head;
No flock of goats but by a buck is led;
Honor 's the guerdon, and a glorious name:
Who would not take the danger, for the fame?
So Luthers, Numas, Calvins, Christs arise,
And bold Mohammed's banner flouts the skies;
So Cranmers, Ridleys, Savonarolas burn,
And every creed stands at the stake in turn,
And mounts in turn the throne, puts on the crown,
And at its feet sees half the world bow down.
Make haste and with the rest bow, Prudence cries; —

LE MINISTRE DE L' INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE.

I bow, I bow.

LE MINISTRE DES CULTES.

All right; and thou art wise.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, November 15, 1861.]

ROMA, CAPITALE D' ITALIA.

MAN 's a robber by instinct; who doubts it the least,
Who has seen two kings join, to rob even their own priest?
To be sure! and an excellent rule 's tit for tat,
Though less robber than thief was the priest, for all that;
For the strong man 's a robber, the weak man 's a thief,
And to take others' goods, of all instincts is chief;
And robbers and robbed are the whole human race,
And these and those change, every now and then, place;
And today I 'm a robber, tomorrow I 'm robbed;
And my booty today, by a stronger is fobbed
Or a cleverer, tomorrow; and so it goes on,
And so, since the world went on wheels, it has gone,

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And so, while the world goes on wheels, it will go;
By whose fault, if you ask me, I vow I don't know,
And to ferret it out though I batter my brains,
Get only more dust in my eyes for my pains.
Well, no matter, sweet reader! even robbers, you know,
Have some honor amongst them, at least they say so,
And I pledge thee the faith of a robber, I 'll thee
Never rob while I live, so thou never robb'st me;
And hurrah for Rob Roy and Roy Rob and the man
Who takes all he 's able and keeps all he can!
And let him who can't stand, take good heed lest he fall
In spite of his crutch and God's help and the wall;
For I 'd like to know why should the Seven Hills of Rome
Of the same band of thieves be for ever the home;
And if Cacus himself was put down by a stronger,
Why should Pius the Ninth hold the den an hour longer?
Up then! up then, Italians! your guns on your shoulder!
Garibaldi 's the word! Ere the year 's a day older,
To the Capitol forward! — For Venice we 'll hope —
Evviva l' Italia! To hell with the Pope!

[Casa Cartoni, ai Cavalleggieri, Leghorn, March 31, 1862.]

Well! I 'll be patient, to myself I said,
And, though it 's hard, do what I can to bear it,
Not doubting but it 's all to end in good.
And yet, methinks, and with respect be it said,
Heaven did not take exactly the right way
To have me patient, giving me in hand
The ill, and only promising the good.
Ah, if instead of setting the cart so
Before the horse, it had into my hand
Given the good, and promised me the ill,
What perfect model I had been of patience!
With what sure hope looked forward to the future!

[Casa Cartoni, ai Cavalleggieri, Leghorn, Jan. 4, 1862.]

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THE CONGRESS.

Once on a time, three Powers in Congress met,
And to divide the world between them, set,
As if 't had been an apple. Of the three
Not one but was the pink of courtesy
And gentle breeding, full of common sense,
And high above suspicion of pretence
Or double-dealing; starred and gartered two,
And truly Christian; whether the third Jew,
Mormon or pagan was, or infidel,
So plain his costume, it were hard to tell: —
"Into three parts," said Knowledge, in the chair,
"We 'll cut it, and take each an equal share."
"All wrong," said Dogma; "every body knows
The Chair has nó right either to propose
Or vote; its business is to put the question.
Ignorance, we 're waiting upon thy suggestion."
"Wait not on me," said Ignorance; "I agree
Always in every word that falls from thee,
Respected Dogma. Never from the side
Of his best friend shall Ignorance divide."
"My motion 's this," said Dogma; "that we cut
The world in two." The Chair the question put,
And took the votes — it was not hard to do —
And sighing said: — "The ayes have it" and withdrew.
"I don't know why we should divide at all,"
Said Ignorance, when Knowledge left the hall;
"Nor I," said Dogma, "now that villain 's gone;
Ignorance and Dogma never were but one,

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Nor ever shall be. Give me here thy hand:
We 'll rule together over sea and land,
One heart, one head, one interest, one soul;
Thou shalt have mine, I thine, and both the whole.
Princes and senates shall our subjects be;
Priests, our police; heaven, hell and purgat'ry
Our brevets, honors, decorations, taws,
For those that keep, and those that break, our laws."
"Hurrah! hurrah!" cried Ignorance, and took
The hand of Dogma and with fervor shook;
"We 'll have the laugh at Knowledge, at the fool,
Or knave, I don't know which, who thought to rule,
To rule with us, the impertinent!" They said,
Drew up the protocol, and, when they had read
And found it áll right, parted with a kiss,
To rule the world from that hour until this.

So old the story, I 'll not vouch it true;
To few old stories is much credit due;
They 're mostly parables, like the Prodigal Son;
So, if you please, you may take this for one.

[Casa Cartoni, ai Cavalleggieri, Leghorn, Dec. 21, 1861.]

GOD AND GOLD.

"Ah! had I but that L of thine," to Gold
Said God one day, "methinks I would be happy."
"What wilt thou give me for 't?" said Gold, considering.
"Nothing," said God, "it only does thee harm;
If it were mine I 'd know how to make use of it."
"Well! as thou 'rt God," said Gold, "thou mayst command me."
And handed God his L. Wasn't he a ninny?
And wasn't God clever? for, from that day forth,
God had the real honor; Gold, the show.

[Casa Cartoni, ai Cavalleggieri, Leghorn, February 2, 1862.]

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THE GO-BETWEEN.

Once on a time I knew a go-between,
Who back and forward ran, the livelong day
And all his life, between two not too well
Agreeing parties, and so cleverly
His business managed as to cheat them both,
And on his gains live happily and well.
He came to me one day, this go-between,
The bearer, as he said, of compliments
From one of the two parties, and inquired
If he might not my compliments bring back.
But I knew well, and, if I had not known,
Had in his supple cringe and bland smile seen,
'Twas but to drive a wider trade he wanted;
To open a new market, as they say,
And force his wares upon me. So I told him,
Whoever sent him, if he had aught to say,
Might come himself and say it; I dealt only
With principals; and took him by the shoulder
And pushed him out, and slammed the door upon him,
And thought I had got rid of him; but lo!
That very night I had my windows broken,
And my friends tell me that from that day forth
He has never ceased to call me names opprobrious,
And threaten vengeance, not his own alone
But that of both the parties who employ him.

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His name I dare not for my life divulge,
But by this sign you 'll know him anywhere:
God is his first word, every time he speaks,
And every time he speaks, his last word 's money.
Thou shak'st thine head, and look'st, embarrassed, round
For an interpreter; behold him, there!
Never Academician better knew
Than Prince Plon-Plon, to find thee rhyme for TRAITRE.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 13, 1862.]

IF this beer-can a chapel were,
What pious man were I!
The very sight of it fills my heart
With love and ecstasy;

And then the touch — the smell — the taste —
Ye Gods, but they 're divine!
I 'll never, never from it part,
While life and breath are mine.

And when at last my breath is out,
And up to heaven I go,
I 'll be content if I no worse
Above fare, than below;

Let me a chapel find above,
As foaming, full, and strong,
And there I 'll worship all the day,
Nor find the day too long.

This is my prayer; Gambrinus, hear!
And intercede for me!
Now, jolly fellows, fill your pots: —
"Gambrinus' memory!"

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 9, 1862.]

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GUNPOWDER, Steam, and Printing, and The Wire —
Rude! so to call the holy Prophet, liar;
Upstarts! as if he had nothing else to do
— So full you 're of yourselves — but think of you!
Come, try your own hands, sirs, and let us see
How wiser much than the old, the new seers be.
I knew it! new Printings, Steams, Gunpowders, Wires,
And — how could you forget? — new Prophet liars!

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Jan. 20, 1862.]

I.

WHO 's the great sinner? He, who gave the power
And will to sin, and knew both would be used.

II.

WHO 's the great sinner? He, to whose sole will
Sinner and sin alike owe their existence.

III.

WHO 's the great sinner? He, who, being Omniscient,
Foresees all sins, and, being Omnipotent,
Can, if he please, prevent them and does not —
Nay, not alone does not, but punishes;
And — one tic farther still, one farther tic
Incredible — when punishment 's no use.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Jan. 21, 1862.]

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SHE begged my alms *because she was a widow.*
'Twas her own fault, I said, she needn't have married;
Pity, she hadn't some dozen of children too!
My alms should then have been some dozen times greater.
"In one respect then, even on your own showing,
I 'm right," replied the beggar, "and deserve
If not your alms, at least your approbation."
I smiled, and gave to flippancy the alms
I had, in social reason's name, refused
To mendicancy, and we parted friends,
She with my penny, rich, I with her blessing,
Each bestowed lightly, neither well deserved.

Brotherly kindness, whither hast thou fled?
In what wild Tartar steppe, what Arab waste,
Amongst what savage horde of Esquimaux,
Sweet human pity, hast thou taken refuge,
Chased from among the civilized, by Rates,
Commissioners, Inspectors, Guardian-boards,
Relieving-officers and Settlements,
And all the dire machinery of the hard,
Heartless, demoralizing Workhouse Law?

[Casa Cartoni, ai Cavalleggieri, Leghorn, Febr. 11, 1862.]

HE died unwept. "Because he went to heaven?"
No, but because unfit to heaven to go;
Had he been good enough to go to heaven,
There had been nó end to our pitying tears:
Whee! whee! see how I weep for the Prince Consort.

[Casa Cartoni, ai Cavalleggieri, Leghorn, Febr. 18, 1862.]

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My first director on the way to knowledge
— Ere yet ten summers o'er my head had rolled,
And I still lingered about Bluebeard's castle,
Or wandered in the wood where Beauty lay
Sleeping her long, deep sleep of forty years —
Was Volney, awful with his Empire Ruins
— Awful to me a child — and many an hour
I gazed, bewildered, at the shadowy hand
Which beckoned me a way I feared to tread.
Goethe came next — not Dorothea's Goethe,
Or maniac Tasso's, or Iphigenia's,
But Charlotte's Goethe — and a lesson read me
Perilous to my yóung heart, and all day
I raved of Werther and all níght long dreamed,
Till a fantastic mask, beside a stage
Erected on the fair-green of our village,
Inviting me, I enter, and, astonished,
Find myself in the midst of fairy sprites,
Wizards, hobgoblins, loving ladies fair,
Barons and knights and courts and camps and battles,
And sigh with Romeo, and with Hamlet rave,
And jest with gay Mercutio, and the storm
With Ariel ride, and cry: "Tom 's cold", with Edgar,
And moralize with Jacques; and laugh and weep,
And weep and laugh, by turns, and blush for shame;
And love and hate, at once, vile human nature.
Next, to my door a wandering minstrel came,
Blind and in tatters, and so sweetly sang

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Divine Achilles' wrath and Priam's tears,
And hapless Hector's bold, undaunted heart,
And patriotism and love, that I forgot
Vile human nature, and looked happy forward
To be, some time at last, a brave, good man,
And serve my country, and, if need required,
Even for my country die. A fair youth, then,
Of easy manners, as to courts accustomed,
And modest though not diffident, approached me,
And linked his arm in mine, and drew me with him
Apart into his closet, and there sáng me,
In tones whose melody thrills in mine ear,
Even to this day, unrivaled, the exploits
Of that magnanimous, heaven-favored prince
Who led Troy's fugitives across the deep
To found in Italy a greater Troy.
So sweet the song, that I almost forgave
Its aim, to please unlearned and learned alike;
Almost admired the Proteus bard's address,
Now, to Jove's will supreme and uncontrolled,
The universe and all that it contains
Abject submitting; now, to stronger Fate,
Making submit even Jove's unconquered will,
And blowing hot and cold, and cold and hot,
With the same breath, alternate; bent to please
No matter at what cost, and carry off
From all competitors the laurel crown.
Yet great the gratitude I owe the youth,
Nor ever without lóud praise shall my lips
Pronounce the name of Italy's greatest poet —
Greatest in mine, as in the world's, opinion.
Manners and men, and wondrous Nature's forms
Diversified, he taught me, and, with love
Of whatsoever 's lovely, filled my heart;
And when, adventurous and scarce enough
Counting the risks, I took in hand, first time,
The poet's pen, his master hand on mine
Laid kindly, and my trembling fingers steadied,
Bidding me be of góod cheer and remember

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That Labour was Skill's parent, and Success
The child of Skill; and, with good-natured frown,
Shaking his head when I, mistrustingly,
Muttered aside: — "Minerva non invita."
But with severe, authoritative voice,
My master's master, from the shade behind,
Called to his brilliant, courtly, faithless pupil,
Commanding to desist, nor with rose odours
And concord of sweet sounds me too allure
Into that wide, waste swamp, where, in the light
Of Plato's flickering ignis-fatuus lamp,
Good and Ill absolute, absolute Right and Wrong,
Free chosen Virtue, and as free chosen Vice,
Pains purgatorial, Tartarus and Elysium,
Angels and ghosts and demons and great Gods
Their sabbath celebrate, and, round and round,
Wheel in inextricable morris dance
Fantasmagorian, scarcely by the strong
Beheld without vertigo, of the weak
Subverting oft the reason, and of all
The fair, erect front bowing to the dust
Under the foot of priest and priest-made king.
No word my teacher answered, nor with look
Or action showed displeasure, but abashed
Rose and retired, and left me with a new,
More philosophical, less complacent master;
Who to the open air forth by the hand
Led me, and pointing to the vaulted heaven,
And setting sun in glory, and red moon
Opposite, full orbed, upon the ocean's rim: —
"If, to make these, a hand divine were needed,
To make that hand divine another hand
Still more divine were by like reason, needed,"
Said solemn, and with eye intent on mine;
"And if for these and other objects needed
A hand creative, that creative hand
Must of necessity have anteceded
All objects, and by consequence all objects'
Relations, first and principal of which

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Are time and space; but a creative hand
Existent out of time and space — what is it?
A mere non-entity and contradiction,
A tortoise on whose strong shell to support
The elephant whose back supports the world."
He said, and by his candour won no less
My heart, than by his argument, my reason;
And from that day forth I have lived with him,
A loving, docile, and admiring pupil,
And more for truth solicitous than to please,
And wear the laurel — wreathe it round my bust,
Posterity! 'twill not corrupt me there.
To Caro and his friends revolving years
But bound me more, and from the world apart
I lived with them a solitary's life,
Commenting on, not mixing with, events;
Flaccus most pleased me, and we laughed together,
Long evenings, at Man's virtues and Man's vices,
Madnesses, follies, vanities and whims,
And profound wisdom measuring the stars,
All relative, unreal, imaginary,
Will-o'-the-Wisp lights, magic-lantern phantoms
Illusory, fantastic, evanescent:
And then he 'd take his lyre and, "Let us sing
Venus," he 'd say, "and mirth and love and wine,
And crown our heads with roses, and beside
The fountain, in the plane tree's shadow sit
And eat and drink and see Neaera dance
And with Neaera chat the livelong evening;
And happy live today — we die tomorrow."

But suddenly a martial note, from far,
Comes, on the mountain breeze borne; it 's the pibroch,
Donald Dhu's pibroch, gathering Clan Connel;
I listen, but it dies away in distance,
And from the opposite side burst on mine ear
Shouts, and the beat of drums, and clang of battle,
And I hear Marmion cry: — "On! Stanley, on!"
And see his spouting blood stain Flodden field;

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And Romance wooes me, scarce unwilling, back
From rules of art to Nature's stronger rules,
And Castle Bluebeard and the Sleeping Beauty,
And Branksome's nine and twenty knights of fame,
And James Fitz-James and Roderick and the Graeme,
And blast of other than the Douglas' horn
To rowing Ellen cross the waters borne,
And Risingham, his race of terror run,
Red sinking rapid, like the tropic sun,
And I go pilgrim by the pale moonlight
To Melrose' mouldering pile, and see it right,
When every buttress seems of ivory made
Or ebon, in the alternate light and shade,
And little think, in Dryburgh, where I stand
Between the grass-grown tombs on either hand,
I stand where in a few years shall be laid
All that remains of Scott except the shade,
The unsubstantial spirit of the verse,
Which for a while survives the poet's hearse;
Survives a while — with Man a while is long,
And longest of Man's whiles the while of song.

With fair, blue eyes, and handsome features grave,
A close shaved puritan was next my master,
And preached to me, long hours, of heaven and hell,
And Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe —
Child's fables, with no more foundation real
Than Bluebeard's castle and the Sleeping Beauty,
And Jack the Giant-killer's famed exploits,
Yet preached with so much earnestness and zeal,
And charm of numbers eloquent, and wit,
And profound learning, that the lore sank deep,
And took its place in my heart's core, beside
Wandering Ulysses and the war of Troy,
And hapless Dido's rage magnanimous,
And whatsoe'er of sweetest, pagan bard
Sang ever, with the help of all The Nine.

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A drop serene the old man's visual ray
Quenched premature, but only brighter shone
His intellectual, and he never ceased
Singing and teaching, oftener grave than gay,
But always learned and musical and sweet;
And I to listen ceased not, and to learn
New from him daily, oracle or myth,
Or apophthegm not easily erased;
Nor, when another master came in turn,
Left I well pleased the old, blind puritan,
But often to him stole at dead of night,
Or earliest peep of dawn, to hear once more
His voice divine, and glean new wisdom from him;
Nor rarely has his venerable form
Seemed to glide past, upbraiding, as I sat
Low at my next succeeding master's feet.

Joyous he was, my next succeeding master,
And better knew than the severe old man
The kidney of the world, and how to use
His neighbours of mankind, not be used by them;
And was a welcome visitor at courts,
And hand and glove with princes, and had taught me,
Had I but cared to learn, the ignoble art;
Yet he could touch the lyre, and on the pipe
Played so delicious airs I cared for nothing,
Nothing else in the world, while he kept playing;
But he knew not himself — who knows himself? —
And chose the orchéstra rather, and to tread
Where Aeschylus with godlike step had trod,
And threw about his shoulders the ill-fitting
Pallium, and strutted up and down, applauded
With clap of hands innumerous and shouts
Of bravo! bravo! but I slunk away
And could not be persuaded back to see him
Travesty Satan, and would hear no more of him,
Although they vowed and swore he was the same
Had charmed my infancy with Werther's Sorrows,
The very same to whom the whole day long

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I listened still with ever new delight,
As often as he sang of Dorothea.
Portly his form; Olympian Jove's, his brow,
Capacious to admit all sorts of knowledge;
But, on his lips of perfect symmetry,
Voluptuousness enthroned sat, and within
His deep, broad chest's enclosure, throbbed no heart.
Faith he had none — how could he, being so wise? —
And Fame and Joy and Knowledge were his Gods.
Death was to him long night, for although wise,
He was not wise enough to know that night,
Or long or short, comes only to the living,
And that we don't in cold obstruction rot,
But cease outright, and there 's no more of us
— Either to rot or lie in cold obstruction —
But we are as we were before our birth
And those are now who shall come after us —
As *is* enraged Pelides' sceptre now,
As *was* enraged Pelides' sceptre ere
Sown in the forest yet its parent stem.

Contemporaneous, but at different hours,
I had the lessons of a different master,
Different in all respects, and yet the two
Were friends, and lived in harmony together
Till by the younger's premature death parted,
And Goethe strewed with laurel Schiller's grave.
Ingenuous, all ideal, visionary,
Enthusiastic as an unspoiled child
And of men's crooked ways as ignorant,
Why kept not Schiller far away from courts?
Why not, since in his breast enshrined the gem,
His back turned on the counterfeit, of honor:
The title and the pension and the ribbon? —
Trappings for Hooker, Larrey, Humboldt fit,
Or any other hound of royal kennel,
But not fit trappings for the bard of Marbach.
I think I see him still — tall, slender, stooped,
Long featured, flaxen haired, pale, melancholy,

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And full, to overflowing, of sweet faith
In God and Man and what he was, himself,
Of great and grand and beautiful, to do,
And leave behind accomplished when he died,
Whilst, all the while, went grinning at his side
His wiser friend's friend, Mephistopheles,
And, counting up his years, found that they might,
At most and longest, reach to forty-six.

John Hunter took me then, and led me with him
Through hospitals and burying-grounds and schools,
Where bones and nerves and muscles were my books,
And Man himself — not Man's thoughts or Man's works,
Or fair or foul or neither — all my study;
And I anatomized with lancet point
The seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, feeling,
Reasoning, comparing, and remembering substance;
And sought in vain for boundary or mark
Distinctive between Man and the brute beast,
Instinct, alike, with life and moving passion:
Hunger and thirst, aversion and desire,
Pain, pleasure, fear, and hope, and jealousy,
And gratitude — white blackbird! — and audacious
Courage, and anger dire, and desperation,
And love of one's own progeny, little short
Of adoration, and — supremest love,
Motor and lever — love of one's own self;
And I held out the hand of brotherhood
To every living thing, and less and less
Cared for my nearest neighbour, more for all.

John Hunter left and the dissecting room,
I wandered forth into the open fields
To breathe fresh air a while, and change the scene,
And gathered flowers with Jussieu and Linnæus;
Into the mine, in search of ore, went down
With Werner; climbed the mountain side,
Hammer in hand, with Cuvier and Von Buch,
Exploring craters, and the periods counting,

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Pliocene, Miocene, and Eocene,
Of this great little speck of Earth, eternal;
And swung myself — with Herschel, hand in hand,
And Arago, — into the illimitable
Ocean of space, whose grains of sand are worlds,
Whose stratified deposits, solar systems.
Humboldt, acquainted here, had with me come,
And proffered me the hand, but with my guides
Content, I turned away and left him there
To honor with the truth some chosen friend
Special, and all the world besides deceive.*
Expose me to wild Indians, tigers wild,
War, famine, pestilence, or the raging sea,
But, from the man whose words conceal his thoughts,
Be merciful and save me, Fate supreme!

So tutored, moulded, kneaded to such dough,
How could I not impatiently receive
The lessons of the exile of Ravenna —
How sit and hear prelections on God's love,
Hatred and jealousy and dire revenge,
And skill unparalleled in the torturer's art;
Or rise, and, by a blinder than myself
Led by the hand, the tour, from cell to cell,
Make, of the infernal penitentiary,
Seeing such sights, hearing such sounds of woe,
Smelling such smells, as never on the slopes
Of Montfaucon, or at the charnel foot

* "Ihr letztes mir sehr ehrenvolles Schreiben enthielt Worte, die ich nicht missverstehen möchte. 'Sie gönnen sich kaum den Besitz meiner Impietäten.' Ueber solch Eigenthum mögen Sie nach meinem baldigen Hinscheiden walten und schalten. Wahrheit ist man im Leben nur denen schuldig, die man tief achtet, also Ihnen." Alexander von Humboldt an Varnhagen. (Brief vom 7. Dec. 1841.)

The reader who has well meditated on these words, will be at no loss to understand how it happens that so many men of the clearest intellect and highest scientific attainments, pass, during their whole lives, for assentients to, if not actual champions of, that mass of superstitious opinions and observances, which, however different in different countries and at different epochs, is yet, in each particular country and at each particular

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Of the Gemonian Stair or Rock Tarpeian
Or Ezzelin's gibbet, shocked onlooking Day,
And filled the air with pestilence and horror?
How was it not impossible for me,
The pupil, although dull, of the Venusian,
And, to the very lips, steeped in the lore
That Heaven and Hell are but the brothel brood
Of strumpet Folly to drunk father Fear,
By Vanity adopted, nursed and reared,
And, when adult, made over to Ambition
To serve a purpose I must not even name —
How was it not impossible for me,
Whose very nursery's play-ground had been Rome,
Whose coral bells and hobby-horse, old Cato,
Scipio and Laelius and The Commonweal,
Not to rebel indignant, and bar out
My Ghibelline schoolmaster, when he set
Hell's viceroy's bust before me, for my study,
And bade me on that model make my hand?
"The nether parts," said he, "thou need'st not work,
Neither the satyr's tail, nor hoof of Pan;
In central ice imbedded to the waist,
Let him project colossal, head and shoulders
And broad chest to the navel, with three pair
Of bat's wings, vast as windmill-sails, expanded,
Fanning the ice and freezing all Cocytus.
Three faces he must have, as in the model,
To one sole head united Trinitarian,
And turned, one forward, one to either side.
Into the middle face's mouth put Judas,
Head in, legs out; and so rebellious struggling
That Satan's reddest face grows redder still,

---

epoch, denominated The Faith, and properly and characteristically so denominated, if it were only that its very name may indicate the direct opposition in which it stands, not to philosophical induction alone, but to universal, every-day experience, and plain common sense. Ah, that moral Truth and scientific Truth are not oftener inhabitants of one and the same breast; that the man of science is so rarely not a hypocrite, the man of good morals so rarely not an ignoramus! J. H.

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And blood and slime, with silver pieces mixed,
Come spewing forth, and clot upon his beard.
Legs in, head out, let Cassius in his left
And Brutus in his right mouth writhe convulsive,
And with their traitor lungs shout: Liberty!"
I heard no more, but barred him out, indignant;
And, looking through the keyhole, saw the wretch
Go down between the ice and Lucifer's
Sides hairy, making use of the stiff hair
As a step-ladder, and, at every step,
Muttering: — "This is the way, direct, to God."

Rest in High Lever's burying-ground the bones
Of one who thought this world could be made perfect
By education, and, to make it perfect,
In sad and sober earnest set about;
As if perfection aught were but agreement,
Or imperfection aught but disagreement,
With a soi-disant, arbitrary rule;
As if the world, made perfect by John Locke,
Were not sure to be found by William Locke
A chaos, waiting only for *his* voice
To start into harmonious life and action —
Rest in High Lever's burying-ground the bones
Of one whom I, a youth, loved as a youth
Should love a teacher bent, at every risk,
To teach what he believed the one sole RIGHT,
Not a hired schoolman bound perforce to do
Battle against all comers, for his bread.
And much the good man suffered, and was driven
From hearth and home an outcast, and his head
In foreign lands hid, preaching there and teaching
Undaunted, and his doctrines spreading wide;
And I, a youth, imbibed them and became
Disciple of the pupil of Gassendi,
And saw and felt, or thought I saw and felt
— As even today, methinks I see and feel —
The senses are of knowledge the sole inlet,
The one sole inlet, for I went one step

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Beyond my master's furthest, and to Sense
Assigned the parentage even of Reflection:
Sense, great-grandfather, founder of the race;
Reflection and her offspring, great-grandchildren.
But though I honor, I had honored more
The memory of my master, had he more
Against the priestly goad recalcitrated,
The priestly bridle snapped, and quite broke loose,
And through the wide savanna galloped free;
And I had loved with more than double love
The memory of my master, had his heart
Been less entirely closed against the Muse;
Less cold and deaf his ear, his eye less blind,
To wondrous Nature's forms and hues and sounds;
Less literal and prosaic, his whole being.

Such were my youth's and early manhood's friends,
My guides successive through the intricate
Labyrinth of paths which toward the mountain tend
On whose high summit inaccessible,
Wrapt in eternal clouds and mists dwells Knowledge —
Enchantress! who her face so hides from all,
Yet fills the world so with her beauty's praise.

[Composed partly while walking along the LIGURIAN RIVIERA, Jan. 1861; partly while walking from EMPOLI to ALTOPASCIO, May 22, 1861; and partly in LEGHORN, March and April 1862.]

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TO THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.

Roma, capitale d' Italia.

To God's protection leave the pope and Rome —
Harry the Eighth his bishops made at home;
Do thou the same; about thee in a ring
Gather thy Church, and be all out a king,
The spiritual sceptre in thy right,
In thy left hand the ball of temporal might,
Upon thy head, the diadem; *gare qui touche!*
Thou fain wouldst, but dar'st not — poor scaramouche!

[Casa Cartoni, ai Cavalleggieri, Leghorn, Febr. 21, 1862.]

HARD to be pleased, who thinkest ill of Man,
God's noblest work, the pearl of the creation!

Small praise for God, whose noblest work is Man,
Frail, at the best, and ignorant and mortal!

Through his own fault; his Maker made him perfect.

Praise, praise the God who made his noblest work
So perfect that it went wrong of itself —
Spoiled its own self, and foiled its Maker's purpose!

At least, 'twas clever of it, thou must own.

Why, yes; or maybe God a little stupid;
On either datum thou canst work the sum;
Man plus, God minus, to the same thing comes;
For, to bring Satan in, I own I 'm loth,
Though we all know he 's able to cheat both.

[Casa Cartoni, ai Cavalleggieri, Leghorn, Jan. 1, 1862.]

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UNDER A PORTRAIT OF GARIBALDI

WITH A HALO ROUND HIS HEAD, AS REPRESENTED IN THE LAMPIONE OF FLORENCE, MARCH 18, 1862.

What makes the Saint? The holiness,
I 've sometimes heard it said;
But I insist it is the rays
They paint about his head.

You don't agree? then look at Christ,
At Garibaldi look;
Two pages never were more like,
Of one and the same book.

"But not both saints, you must allow."
Both saints alike, I say;
That, of the prayerbook and the beads;
This, of the war array.

Hurrah for both! for him who says: —
"Put up your swords and pray."
And him who says: — "Out with your blades,
And fight to Rome your way."

Obey them both; your good blades draw,
And fight to Rome your way;
Rome is the place to count your beads,
Rome is the place to pray.

[Casa Cartoni, ai Cavalleggieri, Leghorn, March 20, 1862.]

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SHE died; that is, she ceased and was no more;
Dry up your tears; ye weep for what? for nothing.
I do ye wrong; ye weep for your own selves:
Weep on, weep on; ye have good cause to weep.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Jan. 1862.]

THE dog his food takes from his master's hand,
And loves him for it, and will die for him.
Well for thee, if the man thy bounty feeds,
With no worse than ingratitude repays thee,
Does not conspire thine injury or ruin.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, Febr. 11, 1862.]

"NAY, don't be angry, friend! have pity on them;
Cut them not so to the very bone; have mercy;
See how they bleed and writhe, hear how they groan."
Hold me not back; they 've not got half enough;
Hold me not back, I say; let go my arm;
I 'll flog them to within an inch of their lives,
The foul, incorrigible necromancers,
Who take the little harmless babe scarce born
And mutter witchcraft over it, and criss-cross it,
And rub their venomous oil behind its ears,
And sprinkle drops upon it in the name
Of their abominable three-headed idol,

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Till they have made it more even than themselves
The child of hell, an imp to do their biddings
Wicked, as long as it lives, and when it dies
Receive, for all reward, their pass to heaven.
Let go my arm, I say, else thou art less
Their friend, than Man's and thine own enemy;
Let go, I say. Villains, take that and that
And that — See how they scamper! Hah! ha! ha! —
Off to your idol, now, for spermaceti.

[Casa Cantoni, ai Cavalleggieri, Leghorn, Febr. 23, 1862.]

"MAN'S choice is free." Ay, to be sure!
Who doubts a fact so clear?
But isn't his free choice fixed for him?
That is the question here.

"Pshaw! his free choice is free as air —
Do you take me for a fool?"
No, but I 'd like to know for what
You send your child to school;

For what, if not to fix his choice —
To make him choose the right,
And, of his own will, go your way
When you are out of sight.

"I don't succeed; my darling boy
Chooses the wrong way still."
Well! there 's some stronger cause at work,
Makes his free choice choose ill:

Bad nurse's milk, bad father's blood,
Or, may be, bad grandsire's;
Or bad example of your own,
Or his playfellows, liars.

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To govern his free choice there 's still
Some hidden impulse strong:
Good impulse, when he chooses right;
Bad, when he chooses wrong.

Or, more exact to speak, there 's no
Such thing as choice at all,
But, what 's the work of impulse, we
The work of free choice call;

Impulse commands; the work is done;
We call it choice; some cause
Preceded impulse, for all things
Are fixed by Nature's laws,

Links of a chain, an endless chain,
And thou 'rt a link — no more —
Attached as fast to the link behind
As to the link before;

And freely goest with the links,
That pull thee to and fro;
Insensible it is their force,
Which makes thee stand or go;

For all this whole world is a mesh
Of chain-links intricate,
By Providence, as some say, worked,
As others say, by Fate.

I know not; but of this I 'm sure:
It 's all made of one piece,
Not motley mongrel of fixed laws
And Man's supreme caprice.

[Casa Cartoni, ai Cavalleggieri, Leghorn, Febr. 26, 1862.]

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ALL Inspiration from above descends:
From God, or prince, or minister, or friends
Of God or prince or minister. Some weight
— I don't say, much, but some, at any rate —
You must, if fair, allow to Inspiration,
Which follows so the law of gravitation.

[CASA CARTONI, AI CAVALLEGGIERI, LEGHORN, April 2, 1862.]

PATER quis est, dic mi, sodes,
Quisve avus est peccati?
Nullus omnium quos adivi
Satis scit responsum dare.
"En! ego respondeo volens.
Feras tu benigne meam
Qualemcunque ignorantiam:
Pater est peccati homo,
Miser ille, qui peccavit;
Avus autem ipse Deus,
Peccatorem qui creavit."
Peccatorem, monstrum illud
Cur creavit bonus ille?
"Heu! nec novi nec audivi;
Credo neque ipsum scire.
Forsan ut glorificetur;
Multum laudis est amator.
Neque vero nullam meruit
Ille bonus, justus ille,
Cujus filius est peccator,
Nepos cujus est peccatum.

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Deum, ergo, una omnes
Senes, juvenes laudemus;
Sanctum Dei nomen omnes
In perpetuum cantemus.
Canta patrem, o peccator;
Avum, o peccatum, canta;
Deum solum fontem mali,
Deum unicum auctorem
Mortis et miseriae nostrae
Omnes juvenes senesque
Uno ore celebremus.
Gloria in excelsis Deo!
Hallelujah! hallelujah!"

[Horgen on the Lake of Zürich, July 1, 1862.]

WHAT animal is it, gains by losing one
Of its two component halves, yet by the loss
Is made imperfect and must get it back
Or remain always a mere fractional part,
A bee's comb, one might say, without the cap,
Naked, exposed to every wind and weather,
A clock- or watch-work minus hands and dial,
A ship's hull stripped of masts and sails and rudder,
A torn out, silent, useless tongue of bell,
A churndash without churn, a central sun
Without even one poor planet to give light to?

[Walking from Düsslingen to Tübingen, Aug. 6, 1862.]

WHY has no eye beyond the tomb seen aught?
Because beyond the tomb to see there 's nought.

[Tübingen, Aug. 6, 1862.]

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GOD made the world, there 's not a child but knows it,
And not a flower, or blade of grass but shows it;
But what made God himself does not appear,
Unless — as old Lucretius says — 'twas Fear.
Fear 's a great maker in a certain way,
And sometimes works by night, sometimes by day;
And, making ghosts by night, it sure were odd,
If she could not in the broad day make God,
Seeing that God 's a ghost, an airy sprite
Easier to make than even the ghosts of night,
For they have form and substance, have been seen
And touched and smelt, which God has never been;
So Fear is free to make him as she will,
And sometimes makes him well and sometimes ill;
But always he 's Fear's making, let him be
Allah or Jove or Christ, or Jan-Sam-He.

[In the train from LONDON to HOLYHEAD, Sept. 15, 1862.]

RUBBED OUT.

"WHERE shall I go to when I die, Papa?"
"Bring me your slate — is that your name? Tom Phipps.
There, rub it out; where is it now?" "No where."
"When you are dead you 'll go to the same place,
And I and all, for we 'll be all rubbed out."

[ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, Oct. 1863.]

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INSCRIPTIONS

FOR THE FOUR SIDES OF THE PEDESTAL OF THOMAS LITTLE MOORE'S STATUE, NEAR TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

I.

In grateful memory of their well loved Swift,
The Dubliners this statue raised to Moore.

II.

Whose smutty statue 's this? what smith's or sweep's?
Stay, stay — all right; it 's Little Tommy Moore's.

III.

Immortal Little, round thy honored brow
Erin's chaste daughters bind her shamrock green,

IV.

And her brave sons doubt which most to admire,
Thy statue, pension, or famed verse obscene.

[Walking from Rosamond to Dalkey, Co. Dublin, Dec. 16, 1863.]

A FAMOUS punster once said to a friend:
"Friend Rock, upon thy rock I 'll build my house."
The house was built, and, built upon a pun,
Has till now lasted and will last until
A wittier punster comes and pulls it down,
And builds his new house upon like foundation.

[Rosamond, Rathgar Road, Dublin, Aug. 22, 1863.]

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"'Tis a dull circle that we tread,
Just from the window to the bed;
We eat, we drink, we sleep, and then
We eat and drink and sleep, again."
"And then? what then?" "To heaven we go,
To eat and drink and sleep no mo',
No mo' from window to the bed
Or bed to window, but, instead,
Idle and lounge about, all day,
Except when we sing psalms, or pray:
Idle, all night, and lounge about,
And sing and pray, year in, year out.
Which of the two dull circles be
Dullest, I hope to hear from thee."

[Walking from Dalkey to Rosamond, Rathgar Road, Dublin, Nov. 12, 1862.]

Ignorance is bliss, for first it saves the pain
Of knowing how far wrong the road you go,
And next it saves the greater pain of knowing
There is a better way beyond your reach,
Yet not even ignorance is perfect bliss,
For while it teaches you to take for good
Even your worst ill, it teaches you, same time,
To shun, as your worst ill, your chiefest good.
Not so entirely, then, to be disdained
Thy hard won fruit, O stingy Tree of knowledge;
Nor so without a canker, thy rich crop,
Indigenous, luxuriant Ignorance.

[Rosamond, Rathgar Road, Dublin, Nov. 30, 1862.]

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PRINCE ALBERT.

A MAN of sterling sense and quick decision,
And royal, not to be controlled volition,
Prince Albert gave the slip to his physician,
And started off to see the Exhibition
Got up in heaven for ghosts of high condition,
And have a finger in it, with permission
Of archangelic, managing commission.
If he comes back — a thing that 's problematic —
What may we not expect of achromatic
Telescopes, and inventions hydrostatic
For floating iron-clads, and diplomatic
Ruses, celestial half and half Teutonic,
To out-ruse our dear ally Napoleonic?
And if he doesn't, why then the resignation
Comes into play, of the great Irish nation,
And we 'll appoint a day for humiliation,
And lowliness before God, and prostration,
And, clear with Heaven, beg Stephen's Green Commissioners
To hear the humble prayer of their petitioners,
And grant a site for statue to his glory
Who neither right Whig was, nor yet right Tory,
But between both went steadily a-rowing,
And over English, Scotch, and Irish crowing
Deep in his heart, for though one now crows never
Above one's breath, one crows as deep as ever,
And princes deepest, for your princes' bosoms
As deep are as Ahithophel's or Uzzum's
Or Palmerston's — and that 's as any well deep,
Or Newcastle coal-pit, or lowest Hell, deep.

[ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, March 31, 1864.]

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TWO Hands there are that shuffle all the cards:
Sir Right Hand trump holds, and would win the game
But for the greater cunning, of Sir Left,
And sharper sight which reads Sir Right Hand's cards,
Though turned their backs, as clearly as his own.
Ah, poor Sir Right Hand! how he grumbles, swears,
Curses and sweats, while Mephistopheles,
Bowing and simpering, pockets all the stakes.

[Walking from ROSAMOND to DALKEY (Co. DUBLIN), Nov. 14, 1862.]

UNHAPPY man! a little wiser than
And of course persecuted by thy fellows,
Like the poor turkey with a patch on its head,
That 's pecked and pecked, and round the farmyard hunted
Till it drops down and dies — and there 's an end to it.
Hide, hide, my friend, hide, hide, if thou art wise,
Thy little patch of wisdom, if thou 'st any,
Or, better still, put on a patch of folly
Or wickedness, and be be-statued like
Profligate Moore and thriftless, silly Goldsmith.
Nothing men like so much as a touch of vice,
Unless it be a good, large dash of folly.
Thou 'st writ no brothel verses, never been
The common laughing-stock of thy acquaintance;
Thou hast not died four thousand pounds in debt,
Nor hadst thy debts paid by a royal pension;
What chance hast thou, thy fellow citizens
Will set thee up, example to their children,
And, on thy togaed statue's marble plinth,
Inscribe thy virtues, years, and glorious name?

[Walking from ROSAMOND to BALLINASCORNY (Co. DUBLIN), Nov. 29, 1863.

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JOHN TETZEL.

Quick drop your money in;
It saveth from all sin;
Past, present, future time
It purifieth from crime,
And souls from Limbo frees —
Your money, if you please;
Father's, mother's soul,
It buys out sound and whole,
And of your babes as many
As you drop in a penny.
I 'll hear of no excuse;
What interest or what use
Than this is more secure,
Or better for the poor?
For it 's to God you lend,
And God 's the poor man's friend,
And for the money lent
Still pays back cent per cent.
John Tetzel is my name;
You 've heard of me by fame;
From the Vatican I come,
And seven-hilled city, Rome.
Indulgences I bring,
– Let me hear your money ring —
Indulgences to sin;
In with your money, in.
To you, his faithful friends,
The Holy Father sends
Me with these boxes two,
Both blessed and criss-crossed new.

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Of Indulgences one 's full
As a pincushion 's of wool,
Out of its side they pop,
As fast as in you drop,
Into the hole at top
Of the other box, your pence,
Showing your penitence,
Contrition and sound sense
And devotion to God's cause
And Holy Church's laws.
Come with your money, come,
Children beloved of Rome;
Who would not a groat pay
To save his soul one day
From purgatorial fire?
Call John Tetzel liar
If the Holy Father cares
For your money or your prayers;
Your money, it 's but trash,
Tinkling cymbals your hard cash,
But of your soul he thinks
Every time your money clinks,
And every groat you pay,
A day shorter you shall stay
In penitential fire,
A step to heaven you 're nigher.
See in this paper here,
Where it 's written fair and clear:
"Indulgence full and free,
Absolution plenary —
Past, present, future time,
Permission for all crime."
Quick drop your money in,
And enjoy the venial sin;
You may take your neighbour's life,
You may sleep with neighbour's wife,
You may leave your debts unpaid,
You may cheat at cards or trade,

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For God is over all,
Can order and recall,
Can make and unmake sin,
— Quick drop your money in —
And the Holy Father, he
Is of God the nominee,
Sole dispenser of God's grace,
And fills of God the place,
Sole judge of wrong and right,
Sole possessor of God's might
To punish and acquit,
And do as he thinks fit.
Be faithful, firm, and true
To Church and Pope, and who
Can one hair injure you?
Church is a union strong
To shield you from all wrong:
Against all scathes and harms,
Against Hell's wiles and charms,
Against a world in arms,
The Church maintains your rights;
The Church protests and fights;
The Pope 's the Church's head;
God's vicar in God's stead.
Never will Pope or Church
Leave the faithful in the lurch —
In with your money, in;
It cleanseth from all sin.
For the faithful what 's to dread,
When the standard 's for them spread
Of God and Church and Pope?
Of sand they twist a rope
Who strive against the Pope.
Away with fear and doubt;
See, I draw the Indulgence out,

[DA CAPO.]

[DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY (Co. DUBLIN), Jan. 27, 1864.]

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ALL 's wise and good, they say, and of design;
Imprimis cholera and the Lisbon earthquake,
The St. Bartholomew, the Sicilian Vespers,
And Waterloo's red field, and Solferino,
And the down-going, headlong, in the sea
With every living soul, of the Aurora,
And President, not even a rat escaping,
Nor Richmond's Duke, more worth than many rats:
All good and wise and of design, they say
Who better understand, than I, such matters;
Yet, not the less, eschew, as they would Satan,
All personal acquaintance with such proofs
Potent, of goodness, wisdom, and design.

[Walking from DALKEY to ROSAMOND, Nov. 15, 1862.]

"Esse aliquos Manes et subterranea regna,
Et contum, et Stygio ranas in gurgite nigras,
Atque una transire vadum tot millia cymba
Nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum aere lavantur,
Sed tu vera puta."

JUVEN. ij. 149.

How much we have improved, let Juvenal say,
Upon the popular credence of his day,
We, who believe in Manes and the Devil
And a post mortem judge of good and evil,
And souls, that not one rag of flesh have on,
Made rashers of, in Pyriphlegethon.

[ROSAMOND, RATHGAR ROAD, DUBLIN, 1863 or 1864.]

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SCROLL

FOR THOMAS LITTLE MOORE'S STATUE,

NEAR TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

The Dubliners, between the eccentric dean,
Long hesitating, and the libertine,
Decided for the libertine at last,
And so arose the statue thou here hast,
Very like neither, thou mayst well suppose,
In feature, air, or attitude or clothes,
But yet so smutty 'twill for either do,
And of the urinal improves the view.
Shouldst thou, kind stranger, on some future day
Happen to take this statue on thy way,
And have a pair of pantaloons to spare,
Look on these bare shanks, think of Christmas air,
And how thou 'dst feel thyself in Scottish kilt
And Roman pallium loose, not even gilt —
I 'll say no more — sapienti verbum sat,
Goodnatured Oliver will translate you that,
For he too has a statue, clever Noll,
Almost inside the gate of Trinity Coll,
Not quite inside — why should he more than I,
Of lore scholastic both of us so shy?
Yet not so very shy as not to know
What way the aurae populares blow,
And how to mount on ignorance to fame,
Honor and statue and a poet's name.

[Walking from Dalkey to Rosamond, Jan. 25, 1864.]

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NUMBER THREE.

Of all numbers, number three
Is the one best pleases me:
Number one 's so very small,
You may count it none at all,
To nonentity next door;
Number two is but one more,
And to mind still brings the strife,
Ever waits on wedded life;
Hounds in couples, sad and slow,
Pulling different ways, they go,
One and one linked in a pair —
Of the fatal noose beware,
Thou who hast thy liberty,
Whether thou be he or she.

Four 's two twos, so twice as bad
As single two. The man is mad
Who doesn't at once perceive that three
Seasons than four would better be,
And without winter, frost, and ice,
Our earth, a little paradise;
Cuckoos and swallows, all year round,
And gay with buttercups the ground.
Mad he is, I say, nor he
Wiser much, who doesn't agree
That bad as were triumvirs three,
For Rome's Commonwealth a curse,
Four triumvirs had been worse —

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If I may so, without offence
To grammar or to accidence,
Indulge my humor in a freak,
And of four triumvirs speak.

Five comes next; what man alive
Ever good word spoke of five?
Five, it was, madé the cabal
Of Arlington and Lauderdale,
Clifford and Vil Buckingham,
And Ashley, royal Charles's Pam;
Little better Pam, I ween,
Than the Pam of our dear queen,
Who, as long as Nap 's his friend,
Has small chance his ways to mend.

Six and seven partake of ill,
From my youth up, I 've thought still;
For, on the earth as in the heavens,
Things at sixes and at sevens
Never were, or could be, right
In man's or God's or angel's sight.

Never, upon no pretence,
While I have one grain of sense,
Shall I, of free will, incline
Tó praise either eight or nine,
Numbers both of Satan's own,
Underminers of the throne,
Foes of all that 's good and great,
Of the church and of the state,
Fórerunners of the noyades,
Guillótines and fusillades.

So I turn to number three;
Three 's the number pleases me;
I loved always trinity,
Since I first went to the College
Of the Trinity for knowledge:

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There I learned the Fates were three,
Th' Hesperides and Graces three,
And how in three choirs, of three
Blithe sisters each, linked lovingly,
Jove's daughters by Mnemosyne
Went roving on Apollo's hill,
And chanted till they had their fill.
Old friends of mine, those choirs of three
Blithe sisters each, and many a glee
I have sung with them, and they with me,
Since first I met them in the shade
Of the bay and laurel glade,
The steep mountain side upon,
Of the sunny Helicon,
Where the waters sprang to meet
And kiss the winged courser's feet.
And still, at times, of three we sing,
On three, at times, the changes ring:
How Neptune, Jove and Dis the wide
World into three shares divide;
How Dian, Hecate, Proserpine
Faces three in one combine;
How, with triple mouth and yell,
Porter Cerberus, in his cell,
Hades' entrance guarded well;
All let in, but such a rout
Made if one tried to slip out,
That the echo and rebound
Of the brazen concave round,
Jove's own rattling thunders drowned,
As the frighted ghost slunk back,
Like a flogged hound to his pack.

Three persons of the verb with three
Pronouns personal agree;
And, though but sexes two are known,
There are three genders, all must own,
Or much good schooling has been lost,
Much teachers' pains and parents' cost.

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Good accountant if you 'd be,
You must count by Rule of Three;
Just comparisons to make,
Three degrees you still must take;
Three degrees, to be your guides,
Priscian to your hand provides:
Bad, worse, worst; good, better, best;
Many, more, most, and all the rest;
Never let them out of sight
And they 'll lead you always right.

Aristotle taught the schools
Many wise and useful rules,
But one rule 's worth all the rest,
That with three you argue best,
And that prostrate to lay schism,
There 's no sword like syllogism.

Ah! no friend of Erin he
Who loves not her shamrock's three
Green leaves indivisible
As the famous Gordian spell.

Patriotism and loyalty
With religion make up three;
Church and throne and state are three,
One undivided trirarchy.

Learned professions there are three,
Medicine, law, divinity,
Guardians of the items three,
Body, soul, and property,
Constituent of Man's entity;
For, of opinion though some be
That soul alone makes entity,
I 'm not of those who care to see,
Still less of those who long to be,
Soul in a state of nudity;
A naked soul to me is a fright,

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Especially at dead of night
When dimly burns the candle light,
And all is still, or fast asleep —
The very thought makes my flesh creep,
Even Dian's self 's afraid to peep.
I love my friend and wish him well,
Wish him long years in health to tell,
Well housed, well clad, and with a purse
Worthy of the Preacher's curse;
I like to see his smiling face
And hold him in mine arms' embrace,
To hear his voice and clasp his hand,
Beside him sit, beside him stand,
Alongside walk in cheerful chat,
Of this discoursing and of that,
But I would have him my friend whole,
Not my friend's disembodied soul,
Not my friend's ghost, and spirit thin,
Nothing outside and less within —
Be off, be off to Charon's coast
And poets' dreams, poor, silly ghost
And naked soul, mere idle boast
And vain pretence, nonentity
And meaningless absurdity —
Thou enterest not into my creed;
Begone; leave me at peace; God speed!

Poets unequaled there were three,
One born in Greece, in Italy
His greater born, the greatest he
Who drew in Albion's fog his breath,
And sang of paradise and death.

Unrivaled actors there were three,
Charmers of my infancy,
Whether Othello's rage were played,
Or Juliet's love, or with the shade
Of murdered sire held colloquy,
I hung enraptured on the three,

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Awed by John Kemble, by O'Neill
Enchanted and by Cooke turned pale.
Nor at an end was my delight
When fell the curtain; all the night
I raved of tournament and fight,
Palfrey and squire and belted knight,
And airy daggers motioning
Toward the couch of sleeping king,
And "out, damned spot!" and medicine vain
To purge the blood spot from the brain.

Earth and heaven and hell are three,
Each on each hanging mutually,
And each of each a corollary;
For other worlds although there be,
Countless as sandgrains in the sea,
Yet with the wise majority,
— Christian, Jew, Pagan — I agree
To set them down as nullity;
As nullity, or, at the best,
Made to point the Atheist jest:
How from Olympus' heights rules Jove
Countless worlds those heights above?
Who, while Jove lies in Danae's arms,
Those countless worlds preserves from harms,
Above Jove's highest lightning's fling,
Above Jove's boldest eagle's wing,
Guards nationalities oppressed
And orders all things for the best?

'Twas three o'clock precise, each day
Of eight long years that slow away
Rolled o'er my helpless infancy,
Came and with kind hand set me free
From grammar fetters and the rule
Of the stern despot of the school,
And home I bounded full of joy,
A happy, thriving, chubby boy,

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To be caressed by parents dear,
Till fatal nine, next day, drew near,
And I must to my cell again
And wear again the captive's chain,
Till friendly three should come once more
And open throw my prison door.
Those days are gone not to return,
My parents long lie in their urn,
Yet never three chimes on mine ear
But I seem Freedom's voice to hear,
Youth's scenes come back, youth's joys and cares —
How changed the face all nature wears!
The old man's heart swells, and a tear —
But no! I would not have them here.

There 's never a royal diadem
Boasts not of some superior gem,
Some ruby red, some emerald green,
Some diamond's ever varying sheen,
Some pearl of price, some chrysolite,
Some opal pale, some malachite,
But brighter far the gems that round
Royal Victoria's brow are bound,
Redder than ruby there the rose
Of England in its full bloom glows,
Greener than emerald, there, the green
Shamrock of Erin creeps between
The English emblem and the blue
Thistle of Scotland, rough as true.
Fair the three bloom and fair the three
Under the garter's scroll agree:
GOD OF MY RIGHT 'S THE SURE DEFENCE.
HONNI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

Out of the East came wise kings three
To Bethlehem, a babe to see
Wiser than were themselves all three,
A unit of the Trinity,
High and inscrutable mystery!

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Low in the dust on bended knee
They offered up, those wise kings three,
Their triple gifts and fealty.
Poor are my gifts, my fealty
Adds nothing to thy dignity,
I 'm rich but in humility
And that I offer all to thee,
Incomprehensible Trinity.

Ave Maria, night and morn,
And the Angelus the day adorn
With triple worship, triple prayer;
Thrice the brow 's crossed and thrice laid bare
The heart before the deity —
"Domine! miserere mei."

But what more than all moves me
To the preference I give three,
Is the still fresh memory
That in old times we were three,
Thou, my child, and I, and she
Who made up our household three.

[Begun on footjourney from LEGHORN to LOBENSTEIN (FÜRSTENTHUM REUSS), in the summer of 1861; finished while walking from TURIN to FLORENCE, Sept. 1864.]

I.

THE saying can't bé too oft repeated:
The world consists of cheats and cheated.

II.

I 'M in this faith a firm believer:
Who 's not deceived is a deceiver.

[FLORENCE, Octob. 30, 1864.]

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FRAGMENT.

Uprisen at four, after a restless night,
— We are always restless on the eve of travel,
Sorry to break up old associations,
And, of the new, distrustful and ill-boding —
Our first care, after toilette made, is our breakfast,
Frugal as usual, and oft interrupted
By various cares prelusive of the road:
In primis, manufacturing for our shoes
In-soles of folded paper; in secundis,
Re-reconnoitering umbrellas, wallets,
Guide-books and pocket-books and purse of gold,
And pocket compass and thermometer,
All reconnoitred well the night before
And set in order, ready for the morning.
Grapes and fresh figs and Gorgonzola cheese
And bread and capuè make no bad breakfast,
And, overnight prepared, stand ready for you,
Whether you choose to rise before the lark,
Or lie abed till Sol, his day's work done,
Hands the world over to his pale-cheeked sister,
And goes, himself, to rest behind the Azores.
To the spedizioniere, then,
Consigned for Rome our baggage, two hours' work,
Only at last at ten we are on the road,
Winding from Florence up the vale of Arno,
On our left hand the chain bridge, on our right
San Miniato from the cypress hill
Down-looking on the city fair and river
And, opposite, to Fiesole and the far,
Misty, rain-threatening mountains of Pistoja,

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Where just three weeks ago, this very day,
Upon our hither way we visited,
And after greeting brief bade long adieu
To our old Irish friend, Grace-Bartolini,
Daughter of Irish Grace my father's friend,
From her youth up by choice of domicile,
And for the four last years by wedding vow,
Italianissima among Italians.

Pleasant to leave behind the noisy streets
And narrow, crowded thoroughfares of Florence,
And the ear-stunning cry of "vuole? vuole?"
And "tre alla palanca!" and to snuff
Pure air again, and see the sky though lowering,
And swing our arms, and feel our legs untied.
Churches and convents either side the road,
And long, stone walls between; these to keep out
The evil-doer, those within the bounds
Of holy mother Church to keep the mind,
No less here than in England apt to boast
Of its strong reason clear, and power of will,
And no whit less here than in England, bound
Helpless and hopeless with religion's chain;
Less grimly here however, for sweet roses
And manna-dropping foliage intertwine,
And take the shivering, sharp cold off, the iron.

And now we have left behind the long, stone walls
— The churches not yet, nor are likely ever —
And up the hill push from the Arno valley,
Taking the shorter way by San Donato,
To meet the stream descending from Incisa,
And spare the roundabout by Pontassieve.
Beautiful, Florence, as we look behind,
Its massy dome, and stately ducal tower
And, in church architecture never rivaled,
Giotto, thy campanile. Wide the eye
Over the valley of the Arno ranges,
Over long lapsed years wider still the mind:

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And now it 's airy Guelphs and Ghibellines,
Now spectral popes and emperors we see,
Now visioned Macchiavellis, Medicis,
Or Dante's pale, unconquerable spirit,
Or Savonarola's; and Da Fiesole
Sits in his cowl there in San Marco's cloister,
Painting in silence his imaginations
Of an imagined heaven's beatitude:
Angels with delicate, small hands and feet
And beardless, feminine faces, and as like,
Each to the other, as so many sisters,
In gold-bespangled skirts, blue, red or yellow,
Gold-crowned, gold-winged, to lute and flute and viol
And dulcimer and harp the praises singing
Of an ideal, unsubstantial God,
Who sees, hears, smells, thinks, loves, admires, and hates,
Makes and unmakes, remembers and forgets,
Prefers, postpones, rejects, goes slow and fast,
Is pleased and displeased, smiles, frowns, blesses, curses,
And does in all things like substantial man,
His own most erring, most imperfect work,
Cast off by him accordingly and hated,
Killed, and to hell condemned, and then again
Pitied, forgiven and coaxed, and up to heaven
Carried on angels' wings, to dwell for ever
With him in glory and his praises sing.

Still green the hedges, and the air still soft,
Though in the murky sky November frown,
And mindful churchbells, since two hours ere day,
Have not ceased telling us it 's All Souls' morrow.
The roadside bushes burn with Pyracanth's
Red glowing clusters, dog-rose berries red,
And the pink capsules of Evonymus
Opening and showing its red ariled seeds,
"Each in its narrow cell laid" — not "for ever."
* * * * *

Leaving Florence for Rome, Nov. 1, 1864.

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WHAT! Man no more than a mere reasoning beast
Which laughs, smokes, curses, swears, and pays the priest,
More than most other beasts his brother cheats,
Tortures and kills, and — who disputes it? — eats!

Degrade him not; his acts proclaim his birth:
Angel and heir of heaven, not son of earth;
A spark cast off from the eternal flame,
And differing from the godhead but in name.

[ALBERGO DELL' AQUILA NERA, MONTEFIASCONE (STATI PONTIFICII), Nov. 8, 1864.]

FEAR 's a great maker: first she made the Devil,
And worshiped low the author of all evil;
Then she made God, the better still to keep
The Devil off and get a good, sound sleep.

[ROME, VIA DELLE QUATTRO FONTANE, Dec. 23, 1864.]

MODERATION.

BE moderate in all things, and, of all,
In moderation most be moderate,
For, for what else but use in proper season
Thine every-obstacle-o'ercoming passion,
Love, jealousy and wrath, hope, hate and fear?
For what the extreme, high culminating impulse —
For what in man or beast, but to be used?
Nature made nought in vain, and least in vain,

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Be it of hope, fear, ire, or hate, or love
Or jealousy, the culminating impulse,
The extreme extreme. The world has verge enough;
The power to be immoderate implies
There 's time and place to be immoderate,
Nor made not to be used the extreme extreme,
High towering, overtopping point of passion.
'Twas not by moderation Caesar rose,
Or Brutus fell, or Christ and Mahomet
The world's opima spolia shared between them.
Be moderate as the bee and as the ant,
Be moderate as the lion and the tiger,
Be moderate as the race-horse; as the shaft
Shot from the bow flies moderate to the mark,
As from the zenith moderate swoops the falcon,
On to the goal press moderate thou with Paul,
Not looking once behind thee; moderate press
Forward in season, out of season forward,
And only at the goal and ocean's edge
Arrived, with Philip's son, sit down and weep.

[Walking from Spoleto to Foligno, June 28, 1865.]

VICTORY,

AN EQUATION CALCULATED IN THE CAFFÈ DELLA FERROVIA, PASSIGNANO, LAGO TRASIMENO, July 1, 1865.

Which side shall conquer? Both sides have the right,
And God 's for both sides. Which shall win the fight?
Strike out from both sides God, from both sides right,
— Why should God fight with God, or right with right? —
And that side 's victor, sure, which has the might.

Set God back on the field and set back right,
And to it again; which now shall win the fight?
God 's neutralized by God, and right by right,
And that side 's victor, sure, which has the might.

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BEHOLD in Christ the sober, matron hen,
Gathering beneath her wings her cowering brood;
In Mahomet behold the dunghill king,
Leading his brood to conquest and to battle.
"Cluck-cluck! cluck-cluck!" dame hen cries; "cluck! cluck! cluck!"
"Tantararara-ra!" crows loud sir cock.

[Walking from MONTE CARELLI (TUSCANY), to FILIGARE, July 18, 1865.]

LA FUTA.

OUR coffee boils; our hostess at the fire
Suckles her baby scarce a fortnight old,
Watching, same time, the moment to pour off
Into the glass the soot-black beverage
Restorative, while we the minutes count
Impatient, and the sweat wipe from our brows,
For the sun 's high in Leo and we have walked,
Over the bare and rugged Apennine,
Up hill full five miles since we saw him rise
This morning on our last night's baiting quarters,
Monte Carelli, first day's climb from Florence.
Seated upon the hearth, the second child
Whinges incessant, or, from time to time,
Is pacified with lump of broken sugar,
As, with the dug, the infant in the arms;
Never without the whinge of one or other
Quiet the kitchen for one single instant.
Beside the door the father whiffs his pipe,
And spits, alternate, out across the sill.

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Our coffee 's drunk, our hostess paid her crazie,
And so we separate, not to meet again
Till we meet there, at last, to live content,
Where there is neither dug nor sugar lump,
Nor pipe nor crazie nor drop of coffee.
Quod bonum sit faustumque, Domine meus!

[Walking from La Futa to Bologna, July 18 and 19, 1865.]

WHAT for, two Gods? why doubled the expense?
One God 's enough, sure, for a man of sense;
And let that one God be the evil one,
To do the good God's work as well as his own.
There 's little fear he 'll find more work to do
Than he has always been accustomed to,
The amount of good 's a minimum at best —
Who does the evil well may do the rest
For pastime sake and sweet variety,
And from one useless sinecure set us free.

[Walking from Pellegrina to Verona, July 23, 1865.]

THE TWO BARBERS OF FREEDOMTOWN.

In Freedomtown two barbers won,
With razors sharp and clean;
One shaves the right cheek, one the left,
While thou sitt'st still between,

And budgest not, nor utterest sound,
Nor seem'st to feel one tittle,
Though now and then red blood be drawn,
And scarfskin razed a little.

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CHURCH of one barber is the name,
The other's name is STATE;
In Freedomtown those barbers twain
Shave early and shave late.

"By grace of God and right divine"
-- I 'm reading from the scroll,
Which, with the basin, at the door
Hangs dangling from the pole —

"By grace of God and right divine
— Let none the right contest —
All cheeks are ours in Freedomtown,
To shave as we like best."

Hurrah for those two barbers bold!
Hurrah for Freedomtown!
Nowhere I 'd rather live than where
Not even one's beard 's one's own.

[RIVA DI SAN LORENZO, VERONA, July 30, 1865.]

"Sua si bona norint."

HAPPY the man who has neither wife nor child!
Not freer life the deer's in forest wild;
He has none to flout him when he comes home late,
And leaves to whom he likes best, his estate.

Happy the man who has neither house nor land!
Fewer, his insolent menials to command,
He 'll not be ruined by a roguish steward,
Nor need he keep his premises insured.

Happy the man who has an empty purse!
Let things go as they will, he can't be worse
Unless he goes in debt, and that he 'll find
Difficult, whilst his purse remains unlined.

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Happy the man who 's to be hanged tomorrow!
Hé has but óne day, thou long years of sorrow;
He 'll in the dark sleep sound tomorrow night
Whilst thou start'st at each noise and burn'st a light.

[Riva di San Lorenzo, Verona, Aug. 1, 1865.]

GOTT SEGNE DIES HAUS.

Inscribed on the inn in Abfalterbach, Tirol. *

God bless this house,
Both man and mouse,
And young and old,
Pigsty and pig,
And hat and wig,
Silver and gold.

God bless the ass,
God bless the mas-
ter and mistress,
God bless their store,
And make it more,
And never less.

---

* Such devout inscriptions on houses are of frequent occurrence both in Tirol and Austria. Since this poem was written I have met the following on a house in Wolfern near Linz in Austria:

GROSSER GOTT GIB DEINEN SEGEN,
SEI MIT DEINEM SCHUTZ ZUGEGEN,
SEGNE MEINEN NAHRUNGSSTAND
UND DIE ARBEIT MEINER HAND,
SEGNE FREUND UND SEGNE FEIND
UND DIE GANZE PFARRGEMEIND'.

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God bless the cow,
The calf, the yowe,
And wrinkled aunt,
And give the churn
Another turn,
When butter 's scant.

God bless the mill,
God bless the pill,
And make both do,
Year in, year out,
In rain and drought,
Their duty true.

God bless the cat,
God bless the brat
And hussey lass,
God bless the salt,
God bless the malt
And foaming glass.

God bless this house,
Both man and mouse
And but and ben,
And let all sing
"God save the king!"
Amen, amen!

It 's not enough.
God bless the snuff-
-box and dudeen,
God bless the state
And make it great,
God bless the queen.

[Walking from ABFALTERBACH to LIENZ (TIROL), Aug. 28, 1865.]

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CRADLE HYMN,

SUGGESTED BY DR. WATTS'S.

"Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings, without number,
Gently falling on thy head,"

None so heavy as to break it —
Hush, my babe, and nothing fear;
God thy little soul won't take yet,
Still a while will leave thee here;

Here to struggle and to scramble
Through the world as thou mayst best,
Torn by rose and torn by bramble —
Hush, my babe, and take thy rest.

Don't, my babe, don't make wry faces,
Keep them for the teething fit,
That first blessing Heaven 's to send thee,
If thou liv'st to eat a bit.

That 's my góod babe! now thou 'rt quiet,
I can hardly hear thy breath —
With my héart's blood I would buy it,
Thou might'st so sleep on till death,

Nothing seeing, nothing hearing,
Of the blessings Heaven lets fall —
Be they light or be they heavy,
So thou best escap'st them all;

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Nothing seeing, nothing hearing,
Of the angels round thy bed,
Or how much it is, or little,
Guardian angels stand in stead.

Ah! my child, might'st thou but sleep so
Till thou drewest thy latest breath,
Thy sad mother need not weep so,
Or so hate the thought of death,

Death, the grand finale blessing,
Heaven upon all heads lets fall;
Let thy mother feel it double,
So thou feel'st it not at all;

So thou 'rt spared the pang of parting
From thy nearest, dearest friend,
Whether thou 'rt left here to mourn her,
Or she 's left to mourn thine end.

Might we but together sleep out
Our brief night's existence frail,
Not be wakened up ere midnight,
Each to hear the other's wail,

When the scythe-armed guardian angel
Separates the locked embrace,
And one 's left to mourn the other's
Ever fresh remembered face!

Sleep on, babe, ere thou hast learned yet
How like sleep is unto death;
Sleep on, babe, ere thou hast felt yet
How life shortens with each breath;

Sleep on soundly ere the dreams come,
Which disturb the soundest sleep;
Sleep on soundly ere the tears come,
Thou must, if thou livest, weep.

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Sleep, my babe, on; wake not up yet
The forbidden fruit to eat;
Good and evil both are bitter,
Life itself 's a bitter sweet.

[Walking from Villnöss to Kirchbach in the Gailthal, Tirol, Aug. 25 to Sept. 1, 1865.]

'Twas a mower a-mowing stood under a tree,
And with his sharp scythe he mowed down three
Tall, ugly, rough thistles which stood in his way.
"What the names of those thistles were, tell me, I pray."

The first of those thistles, they called him Mastai;
He was mowed down the first, because most in the way.
The second, they called him Napoleon Louis;
If ever a thistle was thistly, 'twas he:

He was mowed down the second and laid by his friend,
And Potes and Non Possumus came to one end.
The third and last thistle, Vittorio was called,
A sinister curlpate inclining to bald,

So ill-favored, no ass would one leaf of him chew;
But the scythe cared as little as I care or you,
And cut him off short, and he fell by the board,
And in the one dung-heap the whole three lie stored;

I passed by today, as I came from the bank,
But I held my nose close, for, behold you! they stank.
Three as ugly, rough thistles now stand in their place,
For prolific was always the great thistle race.

[Walking from Volzana to Canale (Illyrian Küstenland), Sept. 6, 1865.]

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. . . . . "Nullis inclusit limina portis.
Nocte dieque patent. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Nulla quies intus, nullaque silentia parte."

IS it just in Heaven to favor so the eyes
With lids to keep out dust and glare and flies,
And leave the poor ears open, night and day,
To all each chattering fool may choose to say,
To all assaults of sturdy hurdygurd,
And grand-piano octave, chord, and third,
And rapid volley of well-quavered note,
Out of wide gaping, husband-seeking throat,
And fiddle squeak, and railway whistle shrill,
Big drum and little drum and beetling mill,
Trumpet and fife, triangle and trombone,
And hiss and shout and scream and grunt and groan?
Be gracious, Heaven! and, if no law forbid,
Grant the distracted ear such share of lid
That we may sometimes soundly sleep at night,
Not kept awake until the dawning light,
By rattling window-sash, or miauling cat,
Or howling dog, or nibbling mouse or rat,
Or cooped-up capon fain like cock to crow,
Or carts that down the paved street clattering go,
Or nurse, in the next room, and sickly child,
Warbling by turns their native woodnotes wild.
Judge us not by thyself, who darest not sleep,
But open always, day and night, must keep
Both eye and ear, to see and hear how go
All things above the clouds, and all below;
Lids for thine ears, as for thine eyes, were worse
Than useless, an impediment and curse;

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We, with less care, our eyes are free to close
At night, or for an after-dinner doze,
And for this purpose thou hast kindly given,
And with a bounty worthy of high Heaven,
Each eye a pair of lids. One lid might do
For each ear, if thou wilt not hear of two,
One large, well fitting lid; and night and day,
As bound in duty, we will ever pray;
And thou with satisfaction shalt behold
Our ears no less protected from the cold
Than our dear eyes, and never more need'st fear
That to thy word we turn a hard, deaf ear;
Never more fear that discord should arise
And jealous bickerings between ears and eyes,
Both members of one body corporate,
Both loyal subjects of one church and state;
Never more see us, on a frosty day,
Stuffing in cotton, or hear caviller say:
"I 'd like to know why fallen less happy lot
On ear than on snuffbox and mustardpot;
What is it ever ear thought or ear did,
To disentitle it to its share of lid?"
Earlids, kind Heaven, or who knows what — ? But no!
Silence, rebellious tongue, and let ear go
And plead its own case. Lidless, Heaven's own ear,
And, whether it will or not, must always hear.

[Walking from Revere to Verona, July 22 and 23, and in Dresden, Oct. 22, 1865.]

WAYS AND MEANS.

With ways and means, if you 're a cheat,
Something you still will get to eat;
But devil-a-bit you 'll get to eat
With ways and means, if you 're no cheat.

[Struvestrasse, Dresden, March 4, 1866.]

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WISER than Athens' wisest, Britain's wisest,
Dying, palavered not of dualism
And the dead man's tomorrow, nor a cock
Offered to Aesculapius, but sat down
In his great elbow-chair, and set his watch,
And asked what news, and lit his pipe and smoked,
And for the last time listened to Bow bells,
And one of his attendants to another
Said, anxious looking at him: "He is dead."

[CHRISTIANSTRASSE, DRESDEN, Dec. 16, 1865.]

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

MY brothers are my equals; God 's the same
Kind, good, considerate God to all his children,
Who 've, every one, the same rights as myself.
Of course I don't include among God's children
Having the same rights as myself, my sisters;
I 'd rather die, and go to heaven offhand,
Where neither hes nor shes find entrance ever,
But only its — the paradise of neuters —
Than by the sexus sequior so be swamped.
Nature abhors a vacuum; I, a bloomer.
Hurrah then for FRATERNITY! hurrah!
For LIBERTY hurrah, and EQUAL RIGHTS!
To hell with SORORIETY! down! down!
We 're all alike God's children; God 's the same
Kind, even-handed parent to us all,
Rich, poor, and young and old, unlearned and learned,
Wise, fool, and good and bad — except the women.

[STRUVESTRASSE, DRESDEN, Jan. 12, 1866.]

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FARE AGE, QUID VENIAS; JAM ISTINC.

What brings thee here? hast any news to tell,
Or goods for other goods or cash, to sell?
"Out of the fray I bring with me my skin;
Open, Saint Peter dear, and let me in."
No rag of skin 's admitted here; go back,
And hang both skin and bones up on the rack.
Then come again, and to the company,
Be it late or early, I 'll admit thee free.
"Thank thee, Saint Peter; but when I come back,
Leaving both bones and skin hung on the rack,
What need have I of porter or of gate,
— Whether it 's early, I come back, or late —
Or place in heaven at all, or company?
Spirit fills no place and can nowhere be;
Good bye, Saint Peter, and remember me."

[Struvestrasse, Dresden, Jan. 20, 1866.]

By what mistake were pigeons made so happy,
So plump and fat and sleek and well content,
So little with affairs of others meddling,
So little meddled with? say, collared dog,
And hard worked ox, and horse still harder worked,
And caged canary, why, uncribbed, unmaimed,
Unworked and of its will lord absolute,
The pigeon sole has free board and free quarters,
Till at its throat the knife, and pigeon pie
Must smoke ere noon upon the parson's table;
Say, if ye can; I cannot, for the life o' me;
But, wheresoe'er I go, I find it so;

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The pigeon of all things that walk or fly
Or swim or creep, the best cared-for and happiest;
Ornament ever fresh and ever fair
Of castle and of cottage, palace roof
And village street, alike, and stubble field,
And every eye and volute of the minster;
Philosopher's and poet's and my own
Envy and admiration, theme and riddle;
Emblem and hieroglyphic of the third
Integral unit of the Trinity;
Not even by pagan set to heavier task
Than draw the car of Venus; since the deluge
Never once asked to carry in the bill,
And by the telegraph and penny-post
Released for ever from all charge of letters.

[Christianstrasse, Dresden, Oct. 31, 1865.]

WHAT is a beggar? one well skilled to pray
Blessings on you he can't get for himself,
And fill with wind the charitable void
Left in your strong box by each doit you fling him.
A Jew he is, who barters for hard cash
His cheques upon a bank in which he has neither
Credit nor assets. Saint, in honor held
By the wide proletariat just one peg
Lower than Peter, down the scale, or Paul,
He is a bug upon the prince's coat,
A boil, an ulcer on the bloated cheek
Of city alderman and councillor,
A hole in the bottom of the tradesman's till,
Through which the silver penny daily drops
Down into bottomless vacuity.
He is a mad dog hunted from the street,
Market and promenade by the police;

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A pest-infected — shut up, prisoner close,
In Lazar-house as long as the breath 's in him
And through the tiles no golden Jove slides down
In quest of some Acrisian in the workhouse,
Until at last — if no Acrisian 's there,
Nor up the corridor comes bolting in,
Some twentyninth of February morning,
Angel deliverer in the radiant shape
Of miser legacy of long forgotten
Thirty-first cousin, far beyond th' Atlantic —
A shell 's provided, and sir Lazarus
Packed off direct to father Abraham's bosom,
There to rejoice for ever, singing psalms
Never so much as dreamt of by divine
Plato, or Zoroaster or Confucius,
While David on his harp accompanies,
And pardoned felons listen and applaud,
And every now and then an echo swings
Down heavily through Chaos to where Solon,
Numa and Titus, in thick darkness sitting,
Gnash with their teeth, and wonder what has happened.

[Walking from Strehlen to Dresden, March 3, 1866.]

"WHAT 's the main difference, tell me if you can,
Between the English and the Irish man."
The Englishman, in want of cash, the life
Insures of his dear child or dearer wife;
Then, as his house so pestered is with rats,
In spite of all his traps and dogs and cats,
Buys, neat wrapped up in paper white and clean,
Some half dozen grains of arsenic or strychnine
Which gets — no one knows how — into the tea
Of wife or child, and — a rich man is he.
But Paddy 's of a different mould, and cash
With him is, as 'twas with the apostles, trash.

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So when the oestrus stings him, he drives lead
From his revolver through his landlord's head,
And makes off to America, if he can,
There to turn Fenian or some other plan
Hit on of dying no richer than before
He changed for Yankee land his native shore.
Yet this main difference, in the end, 's but small,
Nay, well considered, almost none at all;
For each, as death approaches, grows contrite,
And by repentance makes his conscience light;
His sins confesses, and, through Christ forgiven,
Spurns with his feet the earth, and soars to heaven,
There to rejoice for ever with the just
And all who put in Christ their only trust;
For all incompetent mere mortal judge,
And codes of morals are but codes of fudge.

[Walking from STREHLEN to DRESDEN, March 9, 1866.]

Striking a light, at night.

"FIRST for the Bible, then the printing-press,
Most for the lucifer match, the Gods I bless;
Without the other two, at dead of night,
What were the first?" I said, and struck a light.

[STRUVESTRASSE, DRESDEN, Jan. 25, 1866.]

"I NEVER fleeced my friend." "It may be true;
But if you didn't, be sure, your friend fleeced you.
Ovunque il guardo osservator tu giri,
Scorticatori, e scorticati miri."

[STRUVESTRASSE, DRESDEN, Jan. 21, 1866.]

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INSTITUTION OF THE SABBATH.

"Six days thou hast to advertise thine own self:
Thy shop, thy wares, thy works of every kind.
I claim the seventh day; on that day thou shalt
Advertise ME, ME only" — saith the Lord.

[Struvestrasse, Dresden, May 3, 1866.]

"We 're the superior creature," I heard once
One of my sex say to a female friend.
"In sign whereof," said she, "ye go about
Smoking, and spitting upon all ye meet;
Look at my gown, look here." "An accident
Not easy in the street to be avoided" —
"So long as the superior creature 's proud
To practise what the inferior creature may not,
Without incurring infamy, descend to."

[Walking from Dresden to Klotscha, Jan. 5, 1866.]

CHARTER OF THE TIMES NEWSPAPER.

Lie, and lie still, and keep away from rhymes,
And browbeat all the world, and be THE TIMES,
And for three pence your separate numbers sell,
And take the title WE and use it well,
To none responsible; and still make sport
Of Celt and Celtic. —
Given at our court
Of Humbug, in our city of Cocaigne,
This thousandth anniversary of our reign,
And signed with our cross manual, and sealed:
Reinecke Fuchs rampant, gules, on argent field.

[Struvestrasse, Dresden, March 15, 1866.]

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. . . . . "Aerane tantum
Aere repulsa valent et adunco tibia cornu?"

MUSIC alone, of all the arts I know,
Finds equal grace in heaven and here below;
Why, but because Zeus has a tutored ear,
And dearly loves *do re mi fa* to hear?
Therefore Zeus raises Music from the tomb,
Takes Music to him into Kingdom Come,
Leaving to rot here on the earth below,
All else we have learned, all else we feel and know.
Thrice happy Mozart, on that awful day,
Thrice happy Händel! ye shall sing and play;
And Catalani's notes, all notes above,
Take by sweet storm the enraptured ear of Jove;
And angels forward lean on tippy toe,
And lend a helping hand, as, from below,
Clearing the ladder's last steep step, each one
On heaven's broad pavement lays his burthen down:
Flutes, pipes, accordions, hautboys, mandolines,
Drums, kettle-drums, triangles, tambourines,
And great, resounding big drums — tum! tum! tum!
And organs loud enough to make the dumb
Their deaf ears rub, and joybells, many a peal,
Ding-donging, caps of bronze and tongues of steel:
Single, plain bob and grandsire bob, they ring,
Bob major and bob minor — ding! dong! ding!
You 'd swear 'twas Bow called Whittington again,
To hang about his neck the lord mayor's chain:
"Turn again, Whittington, to London town,
The Mansion House and aldermanic gown."
And Paganini in his pocket brings
His scutty fiddle, and four extra strings
In case of a mishap; and great bass moans
Sullen, and Scottish bagpipe whines and drones,

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And Tara's harp on Tara's wall no more
Its tale of ruin tells, but, at heaven's door,
New strung and burnished, for the overture
Preludes, and gathers odd pence for the poor.
And portering caryatides set down
Ponderous pianos — Liszt's and Thalberg's own —
And handier concertinas, and whole sets
Of music-glasses, strings of castanets,
Boxes of resin, catgut, tuning-keys,
Jew's-trumps, and fiddle-sticks, and what you please.
And now I hear their voices, see their faces,
Fingers, stops, pedals, scores, and dire grimaces;
And warder Peter, all in ecstasies,
Shuffles time with his feet and with the keys,
And follows from the gate to hear again
That dying fall, that spirit-stirring strain;
And Orpheus and Musaeus are forgiven
Old counts, and on the second seats in heaven
Sit lilting down, when "Lo! Cecilia comes,"
A voice cries; "sound your trumpets, beat your drums."
And, by her angel cicisbeo led,
White lily in her hand, upon her head
Garland of amaranth and roses red,
And by the earthly partner of her bed
Followed at humble distance, enters in
Th' inventress of the organ, music's queen,
And takes her place, and th' overtures begin
Of heaven's grand opera — I 'll not be there,
But Beethoven will, who not one squeak can hear,
Who, when he should lift high, sinks low his wand,
And regulates the whole with master hand.
Zeus is the word, with Zeus they all begin,
Zeus, Zeus, and Zeus again, with such a din
The devils hear it on the distant shore
Of their blue-burning lake, and with a roar
Answer, which shakes the brazen concave round,
And hell and heaven alike are stunned with sound.

[Christianstrasse, Dresden, Dec. 15, 1865.]

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CORRIGENDA.

Page 114, line 15 from bottom, del. comma at end of line.
- 157, line 8 from top, insert comma after third.
- 157, line 5 from bottom, insert comma after it.
- 173, lines 12 and 23 from top, instead of Lever's read Laver's.

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OMITTED.

Of all earth's various sucking tribes, the tribe
By naturalists denominated Smokers,
Suck longest, to the dug with desperate lips
Clinging the whole day long and half the night,
Till Death his aloë fingers thrusts between,
And, odious drynurse, carries off by force
And weans the sore recalcitrating babe.

[Zschertnitz near Dresden, May 13, 1866.]

"Vox populi, vox dei." To be sure!
And surer still: Vox dei, populi vox.
The marionnette's voice is the voice of him
Who made the marionnette and pulls the wires.

[Struvestrasse, Dreden, May 16, 1866.]

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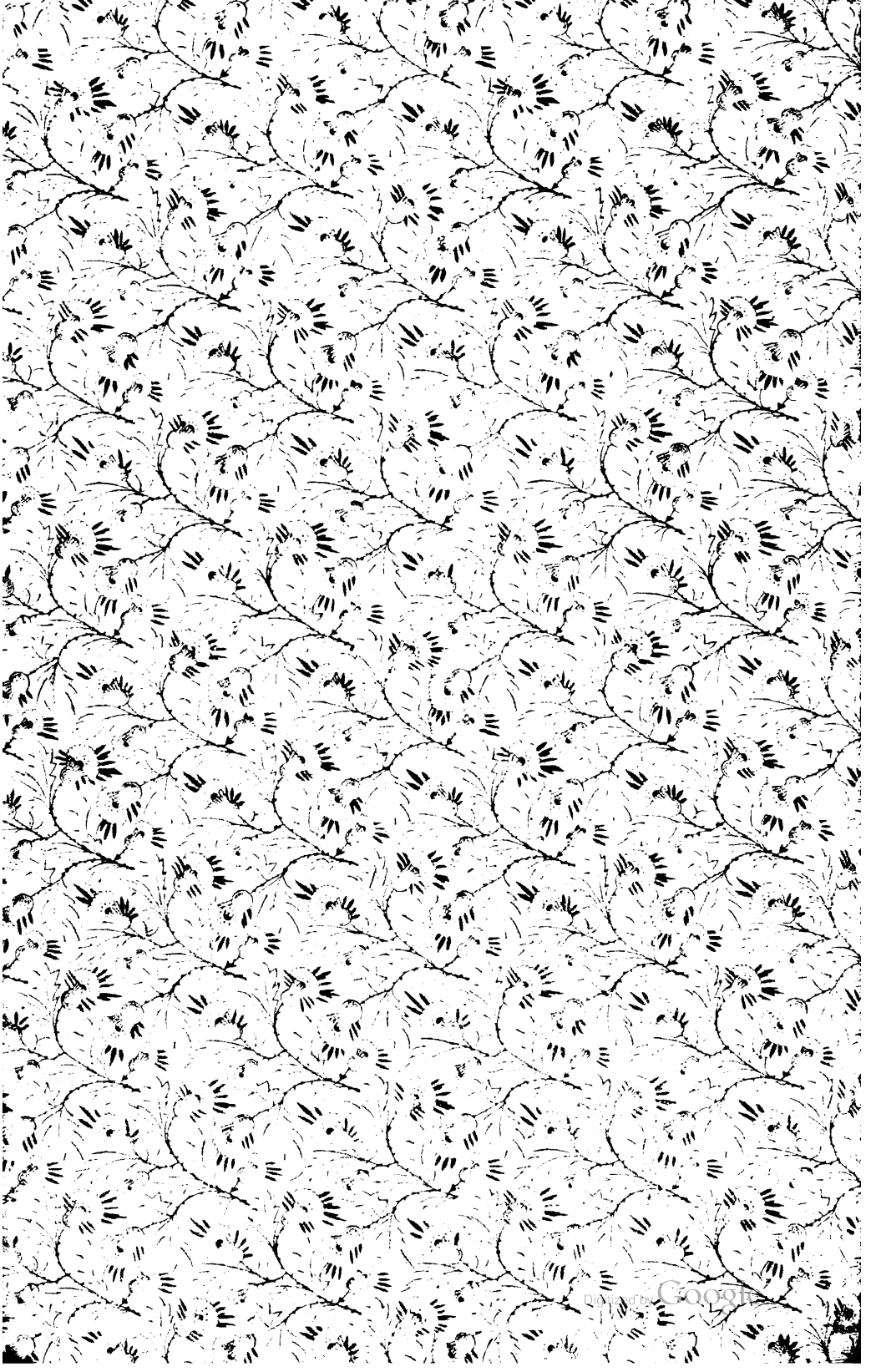
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